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HYMNS

ON THE

Lord's-Supper.

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With a PREFACE, concerning

The *Chriſtian Sacrament* and *Sacrifice*,

Extracted from Dr. BREVINT.

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This do in Remembrance of Me, 1 Cor. xi. 24.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

HYMNS

ON THE

LORD's SUPPER.

I. *As it is a Memorial of the Sufferings and Death of* CHRIST.

HYMN I.

1 IN that ſad memorable night,
When Jeſus was for us betrayed,
He left his death-recording rite,
He took, and bleſsed, and brake the bread,
And gave his own their laſt bequeſt,
And thus his love's intent expreſt:

2 Take, eat, this is my body given
To purchaſe life and peace for you,
Pardon, and holineſs, and heaven;
Do this my dying love to ſhew,

Accept

Accept your precious legacy,
And thus, my friends, remember me.

3 He took into his hands the cup,
To crown the ſacramental feaſt,
And full of kind concern lookéd up,
And gave what he to them had bleſt,
And drink ye all of this, he ſaid,
In ſolemn memory of the dead.

4 This is my blood which ſeals the new
Eternal covénant of my gracé,
My blood ſo freely ſpilt for you,
For you and all the ſinful race,
My blood that ſpeaks your ſins forgiven,
And juſtifies your claim to heaven.

5 The grace which I to all bequeath,
In this divine memorial take,
And mindful of your Saviour's death,
Do this, my followers, for my ſake,
Whoſe dying love hath left behind,
Eternal life for all mankind.

HYMN II.

1 IN this expreſſive bread I ſee
The wheat by man cut down for me,
And beat, and bruiſéd, and ground:
The heavy plagues, and pains, and blows
Which Jeſus ſuffereéd from his foes,
Are in this emblem found.

2 The bread, dried up and burnt with fire,
Preſents the Father's vengeful ire
Which my Redeemer bore:
Into his bones the fire he ſent,
Till all the flaming darts were ſpent,
And juſtice aſkéd no more.

Why

3 Why haſt thou, Lord, forſook thine own?
Alas, what evil hath he done,
The ſpotleſs lamb of God?
Cut off, not for himſelf but me,
He bears my ſins on yonder tree,
And pays my debt in blood.

4 Seizéd by the rage of ſinful man,
I ſee him bound, and bruiſéd, and ſlain,
'Tis done, the martyr dies!
His life to ranſom ours is given,
And lo! the fierceſt fire of heaven
Conſumes the ſacrifice.

5 He ſuffers both from man and God,
He bears the univerſal load
Of guilt and miſery;
He ſuffers to reverſe our doom:
And lo! my Lord is here become
The bread of life to me!

HYMN III.

1 THEN let us go, and take, and eat
The heavenly, everlaſting meat
For fainting ſouls preparéd;
Fed with the living bread divine
Diſcern we in the ſacred ſign
The body of the Lord.

2 The inſtruments that bruiſéd him ſo,
Were broke and ſcatteréd long ago,
The flames extinguiſhéd were;
But Jeſu's death is ever new,
He whom in ages paſt they ſlew,
Doth ſtill as ſlain appear.

3 Thé oblation ſends as ſweet a ſmell,
Evén now it pleaſes God as well
As when it firſt was made;
The blood doth now as freely flow,
As when his ſide receivéd the blow
That ſhewéd him newly dead.

4 Then let our faith adore the Lamb,
To-day as yeſterday the ſame,
In thy great offering join,
Partake the ſacrificial food,
And eat thy fleſh, and drink thy blood,
And live forever thine.

HYMN IV.

1 LET all who truly bear,
The bleeding Saviour's name,
Their faithful hearts with us prepare,
And eat the paſchal lamb.
Our paſſover was ſlain
At *Salem's* hallowéd place,
Yet we who in our tents remain,
Shall gain his largeſt grace.

2 This euchariſtic feaſt
Our every want ſupplies,
And ſtill we by his death are bleſt,
And ſhare his ſacrifice.
By faith his fleſh we eat,
Who here his paſſion ſhew,
And God out of his holy ſeat
Shall all his gifts beſtow.

3 Who thus our faith employ,
His ſufferings to record,
Evén now we mournfully enjoy
Communion with our Lord,

As though we every one
Beneath his croſs had ſtood,
And ſeen him heave, and heard him groan,
And felt his guſhing blood.

4 O God! 'tis finiſhéd now!
The mortal pang is paſt!
By faith his head we ſee him bow,
And hear him breathe his laſt;
We too with him are dead,
And ſhall with him ariſe,
The croſs on which he bows his head,
Shall lift us to the ſkies.

HYMN V.

1 O Thou eternal Victim, ſlain,
A ſacrifice for guilty man,
By the eternal Spirit made,
An offéring in the ſinner's ſtead,
Our everlaſting prieſt art thou,
And pleadéſt thy death for ſinners now.

2 Thy offéring ſtill continues new,
Thy veſture keeps its bloody hue,
Thou ſtandéſt the ever-ſlaughtered Lamb,
Thy prieſthood ſtill remains the ſame,
Thy years, O God, can never fail,
Thy goodneſs is unchangeable.

3 O that our faith may never move,
But ſtand unſhaken as thy love,
Sure evidence of things unſeen,
Now let it paſs the years between,
And view thee bleeding on the tree,
My God, who dies for me, for me!

HYMN VI.

1 AH give me, Lord, my ſins to mourn,
My ſins which have thy body torn,
Give me with broken heart to ſee
Thy laſt tremendous agony,
To weep o'er an expiring God,
And mix my ſorrow with thy blood.

2 O could I gain the mountain's height,
And look upon that piteous ſight!
O that with *Salem's* daughters I
Might ſtand and ſee my Saviour die,
Smite on my breaſt and inly mourn,
But never from thy croſs return!

HYMN VII.

1 COME Holy Ghoſt, ſet to thy ſeal,
Thine inward witneſs give,
To all our waiting ſouls reveal
The death by which we live.

2 Spectators of the pangs divine
O that we now may be,
Diſcerning in the ſacred ſign
His paſſion on the tree.

3 Give us to hear the dreadful ſound
Which told his mortal pain,
Tore up the graves, and ſhook the ground,
And rent the rocks in twain.

4 Repeat the Saviour's dying cry,
In every heart ſo loud,
That every heart may now reply,
This was the Son of God!

HYMN VIII.

1 COME to the ſupper, come,
Sinners, there ſtill is room;
Every ſoul may be his gueſt,
Jeſus gives the genéral word;
Share the monumental feaſt,
Eat the ſupper of your Lord.

2 In this authentic ſign
Behold the ſtamp divine:
Chriſt revives his ſufférings here,
Still expoſes them to view,
See the Crucified appear,
Now believe he died for you!

HYMN IX.

1 COME hither all, whoſe grovéling taſte
Enſlaves your ſouls, and lays them waſte,
Save your expence, and mend your chear;
Here God himſelf's preparéd and dreſt,
Himſelf vouchſafes to be your feaſt,
In whom alone all dainties are.

Come hither all, whom tempting wine
Bows to your father *Belial's* ſhrine,
Sin all your boaſt, and ſenſe your God;
Weep now for what ye've drank amiſs,
And loſe your taſte of ſenſual bliſs
By drinking here your Saviour's blood.

2 Come hither all, whom ſearching pain,
And conſcience's loud cries arraign,

Producing all your ſins to view:
Taſte; and diſmiſs your guilty fear,
O taſte, and ſee that God is here,
To heal your ſouls, and ſin ſubdue.

Come hither all, whom careleſs joy
Doth with alluring force deſtroy,
While looſe ye range beyond your bounds:
True love is here, that paſſes quite,
And all your tranſient, mean delight
Drowns, as a flood the lower grounds.

3 Come hither all, whoſe idol love,
While fond the pleaſing pain ye prove,
Raiſes your fooliſh raptures high,
True love is here, whoſe dying breath
Gave life to us; who taſted death,
And dying once, no more can die.

Lord, I have now invited all:
And inſtant ſtill the gueſts ſhall call,
Still ſhall I all invite to Thee:
For O my God, it ſeems but right
In mine, thy meaneſt ſervant's ſight,
That where all is, there all ſhall be.

HYMN X.

1 FATHER, thy own in Chriſt receive,
Who deeply for our follies grieve,
And caſt our ſins away,
Reſolvéd to lead our lives anew,
Thine only glory to purſue,
And only thee obey.

2 Faith in thy pardoning love we have,
Willing thou art our ſouls to ſave,

For

For Jeſu's ſake alone:
Jeſus thy wrath hath pacified,
Jeſus, thy well-beloved hath died
For all mankind to atone.

3 The death ſuſtained for all mankind,
With humbleſt thanks we call to mind,
With grateful joy approve;
And every ſoul of man embrace,
And love the dearly-ranſomed race,
In the Redeemer's love.

4 Receive us then, thou pardoning God,
Partakers of his fleſh and blood
Grant that we now may be:
The Spirit's atteſting ſeal impart,
And ſpeak to every ſinner's heart,
The Saviour died for thee!

HYMN XI.

1 O God, that hearéſt my prayer,
Attend thy people's cry,
Who to thy houſe repair,
And on thy death rely,
Thy death which now we call to mind,
And truſt our legacies to find.

2 Thou meeteſt them that joy
In theſe thy ways to go,
And to thy praiſe employ
Their happy lives below;
And ſtill within thy temple-gate,
For all thy promiſed mercies wait.

3 We wait to obtain them now,
We ſeek the Crucified,
And at thy altar bow;
And long to feel applied

The blood for our redemption given,
And eat the bread that came from heaven.

4 Come then, our dying Lord,
To us thy goodneſs ſhew,
In honour of thy word
The inward grace beſtow,
And magnify the ſacred ſign,
And prove the ordinance divine.

HYMN XII.

1 JESU, ſuffering Deity,
Can we help remembering thee,
Thee whoſe blood for us did flow,
Thee, who diedſt to ſave thy foe!

2 Thee, Redeemer of mankind,
Gladly now we call to mind,
Thankfully thy grace approve,
Take the tokens of thy love.

3 This for thy dear ſake we do,
Here thy bloody paſſion ſhew,
Till thou doſt to judgment come,
Till thy arms receive us home.

4 Then we walk in means no more,
There their ſacred uſe is o'er;
There we ſee thee face to face,
Savéd eternally by grace.

HYMN XIII.

1 COME all who truly bear,
The name of Chriſt your Lord,
His laſt myſterious ſupper ſhare,
And keep his kindeſt word:

Hereby

Hereby your faith approve
In Jeſus crucifiéd,
In memory of my dying love
Do this, he ſaid, and died.

2 The badge and token this,
The ſure confirming ſeal
That he is ours, and we are his,
The ſervants of his will,
His dear peculiar ones,
The purchaſe of his blood;
His blood which once for all atones,
And brings us *now* to God.

3 Then let us ſtill profeſs
Our Maſter's honouréd name,
Stand forth his faithful witneſſes,
True followers of the Lamb:
In proof that ſuch we are,
His ſaying we receive,
And thus to all mankind declare
We *do* in Chriſt believe.

4 Part of his church below,
We thus our right maintain,
Our living membership we ſhew,
And in the fold remain;
The ſheep of *Iſrael's* fold,
In *England's* paſtures fed,
And fellowſhip with all we hold,
Who hold it with our Head.

HYMN XIV.

1 FATHER, hear the blood of Jeſus,
Speaking in thine ears above!
From thy wrath and curſe releaſe us,
Manifeſt thy pardoning love;

O receive

O receive us to thy favour,
For his only ſake receive,
Give us to our bleeding Saviour,
Let us by thy dying live.

2 "To thy pardoning grace receive them,"
Once he prayéd upon the tree,
Still his blood cries out, "Forgive them,
All their ſins were purgéd by me."
Still our Advocate in heaven
Prays the prayer on earth begun,
"Father, ſhew their ſins forgiven,
Father, glorify thy Son!"

HYMN XV.

1 DYING friend of ſinners, hear us
Humbly at thy croſs who lie,
In thine ordinance be near us,
Now thé ungodly juſtify;
Let thy bowels of compaſſion
To thy ranſomed creatures move,
Shew us all thy great ſalvation,
God of truth, and God of love.

2 By thy meritorious dying
Save us from this death of ſin,
By thy precious blood's applying,
Make our inmoſt nature clean;
Give us worthily to adore thee,
Thou our full Redeemer be,
Give us pardon, grace, and glory,
Peace, and power, and heaven in Thee.

HYMN XVI.

1 COME, thou everlaſting Spirit,
Bring to every thankful mind,
All the Saviour's dying merit
All his ſufferings for mankind:
True recorder of his paſſion,
Now the living faith impart,
Now reveal his great ſalvation,
Preach his goſpel to our heart.

2 Come, thou witneſs of his dying,
Come, remembrancer divine,
Let us feel thy power applying
Chriſt to every ſoul and mine;
Let us groan thine inward groaning,
Look on him we pierced, and grieve,
All receive the grace atoning
All the ſprinkled blood receive.

HYMN XVII.

1 WHO is this, that comes from far
Clad in garments dipt in blood!
Strong, triumphant traveller,
Is he man, or is he God?

2 I that ſpeak in righteouſneſs,
Son of God and man I am,
Mighty to redeem your race;
Jeſus is your Saviour's name.

3 Wherefore are thy garments red,
Dyed as in a crimſon ſea?
They that in the wine-fat tread
Are not ſtained ſo much as thee.

4 I the

4 I the Father's favourite Son
Have the dreadful wine-preſs trod,
Borne the vengeful wrath alone,
All the fierceſt wrath of God.

HYMN XVIII.

1 LIFT your eyes of faith and look
On the ſigns he did ordain!
Thus the bread of life was broke,
Thus the Lamb of God was ſlain,
Thus was ſhed on *Calvary*
His laſt drop of blood for me!

2 See the ſlaughteréd ſacrifice,
See the altar ſtainéd with blood!
Crucified before our eyes,
Faith diſcerns the dying God,
Dying that our ſouls might live,
Gaſping at his death, Forgive!

HYMN XIX.

1 FORGIVE, the Saviour cries,
They know not what they do,
Forgive, my heart replies,
And all my ſoul renew;
I claim the kingdom in thy right,
Who now thy ſufferings ſhare,
And mount with thee to Sion's height,
And ſee thy glory there.

HYMN XX.

1 LAMB of God, whoſe bleeding love
We thus recal to mind,
Send the anſwer from above,
And let us mercy find;
Think on us, who think on thee,
And every ſtruggling ſoul releaſe;
O remember *Calvary*,
And bid us go in peace.

2 By thine agonizing pain,
And bloody ſweat, we pray,
By thy dying love to man,
Take all our ſins away:
Burſt our bonds, and ſet us free,
From all iniquity releaſe:
O remember *Calvary*,
And bid us go in peace.

3 Let thy blood by faith appliéd
The ſinner's pardon ſeal,
Speak us freely juſtifiéd,
And all our ſickneſs heal:
By thy paſſion on the tree,
Let all our griefs and troubles ceaſe:
O remember *Calvary*,
And bid us go in peace.

4 Never will we hence depart,
Till thou our wants relieve,
Write forgiveneſs on our heart,
And all thine image give:
Still our ſouls ſhall cry to thee
Till perfected in holineſs:
O remember *Calvary*,
And bid us go in peace.

HYMN XXI.

1 GOD of unexampléd grace,
Redeemer of mankind,
Matter of eternal praiſe
We in thy paſſion find:
Still our choiceſt ſtrains we bring,
Still the joyful theme purſue,
Thee the friend of ſinners ſing,
Whoſe love is ever new.

2 Endleſs ſcenes of wonder riſe
With that myſterious tree,
Crucified before our eyes,
Where we our Maker ſee:
Jeſus, Lord, what haſt thou done!
Publiſh we the death divine,
Stop, and gaze, and fall, and own
Was never love like thine!

3 Never love nor ſorrow was
Like that my Jeſus ſhowéd
See him ſtretchéd on yonder croſs
And cruſhéd beneath our load!
Now diſcern the Deity,
Now his heavenly birth declare!
Faith cries out, 'Tis he, 'Tis he,
My God that ſuffers there!

4 Jeſus drinks the bitter cup;
The wine-preſs treads alone,
Tears the graves and mountains up
By his expiring groan:
Lo! the powers of heavén he ſhakes;
Nature in convulſions lies,
Earth's profoundeſt centre quakes,
The great *Jehovah* dies!

Dies

5 Dies the glorious Cauſe of all,
The true eternal *Pan*,
Falls to raiſe us from our fall,
To ranſom ſinful man:
Well may *Sol* withdraw his light,
With the ſufferer ſympathize,
Leave the world in ſudden night,
While his Creator dies.

6 Well may heaven be cloathéd with black,
And ſolemn ſackcloth wear,
Jeſu's agony partake,
The hour of darkneſs ſhare:
Mourn thé aſtoniſhéd hoſts above,
Silence ſaddens all the ſkies,
Kindler of ſeraphic love,
The God of angels dies.

7 O my God, he dies for me,
I feel the mortal ſmart!
See him hanging on the tree—
A ſight that breaks my heart!
O that all to thee might turn!
Sinners ye may love him too,
Look on him ye piercéd, and mourn
For one who bled for you.

8 Weep o'er your deſire and hope,
With tears of humbleſt love:
Sing, for Jeſus is gone up,
And reigns enthronéd above!
Lives our head to die no more;
Power is all to Jeſus given,
Worſhippéd as he was before,
Thé immortal King of heaven.

9 Lord, we bleſs thee for thy grrce,
And truth which never fail,
Haſténing to behold thy face
Without a dimming veil:

We ſhall ſee our heavenly King,
All thy glorious love proclaim,
Help the angel-quires to ſing
Our dear triumphant Lamb.

HYMN XXII.

1 PRINCE of life, for ſinners ſlain,
Grant us fellowſhip with thee,
Fain we would partake thy pain,
Share thy mortal agony,
Give us now the dreadful power,
Now bring back thy dying hour.

2 Place us near the accurſed wood,
Where thou didſt thy life reſign,
Near as once thy mother ſtood;
Partner of the pangs divine,
Bid us feel her ſacred ſmart,
Feel the ſword that pierced her heart.

3 Surely now the prayer he hears:
Faith preſents the crucified!
Lo! the wounded Lamb appears,
Pierced his feet, his hands, his ſide;
Hangs our hope on yonder tree,
Hangs, and bleeds to dearh for me!

HYMN XXIII.

1 HEARTS of ſtone, relent, relent,
Break, by Jeſu's croſs ſubdued,
See his body mangled, rent,
Covered with a gore of blood!
Sinful ſoul, what haſt thou done?
Murthered God's eternal Son;

Yes,

2 Yes, our ſins have done the deed,
Drove the nails that fix him here,
Crownéd with thorns his ſacred head,
Piercéd him with the ſoldier's ſpear,
Made his ſoul a ſacrifice;
For a ſinful world he dies.

3 Shall we let him die in vain?
Still to death purſue our God?
Open tear his wounds again,
Trample on his precious blood?
No; with all our ſins we part,
Saviour, take my broken heart!

HYMN XXIV.

1 EXPIRING in the ſinner's place,
Cruſhéd with the univerſal load
He hangs!——adown his mournful face,
See trickling faſt the tears and blood!
The blood that purges all our ſtains,
It ſtarts in rivers from his veins.

2 A fountain guſhes from his ſide,
Openéd that all may enter in,
That all may feel the death applied,
The death of God, the death of ſin,
The death by which our foes are killéd,
The death by which our ſouls are healéd.

HYMN XXV.

1 IN an accepted time of love,
To Thee, O Jeſus, we draw near,
Wilt thou not now the veil remove,
And meet thy mournful followers here,

1 Who humbly at thy altar lie,
And wait to find thee paſſing by?

2 Thou bidſt us call thy death to mind,
But thou muſt give the ſolemn power,
Come then, thou Saviour of mankind,
And bring that laſt tremendous hour,
And ſtand in all thy wounds confeſt,
And wrap us in thy bloody veſt.

3 With reverential faith we claim
Our ſhare in thy great ſacrifice:
Come, O thou all-atoning Lamb,
Revive us by thy dying cries,
Apply to all thy healing blood,
And ſprinkle *me*, *my* Lord, *my* God!

HYMN XXVI.

1 'TIS done! the atoning work is done;
Jeſus the world's Redeemer dies!
All nature feels the important groan,
Loud ecchoing thro' the earth and ſkies.
The earth doth to her center quake,
And heaven as hell's deep gloom is black!

2 The temple's veil is rent in twain,
While Jeſus meekly bows his head,
The rocks reſent his mortal pain,
The yawning graves give up their dead,
The bodies of the ſaints ariſe,
Reviving as their Savious dies.

3 And ſhall not we his death partake,
In ſympathetic anguiſh groan?
O Saviour, let thy paſſion ſhake
Our earth, and rent our hearts of ſtone,
To ſecond life our ſouls reſtore,
And wake us that we ſleep no more.

HYMN

HYMN XXVII.

1 ROCK of *Iſrael*, cleft for me,
For us, for all mankind,
See, thy feeb eſt followers ſee,
Who call thy death to mind:
Sion is the very land;
Us beneath thy ſhade receive,
Grant us in the cleft to ſtand,
And by thy dying live,

2 In this howling wilderneſs
On *Calvary's* ſteep top,
Made a curſe our ſouls to bleſs,
Thou once waſt lifted up;
Stricken there by *Moſes'* rod,
Wounded with a deadly blow,
Guſhing ſtreams of life o'erflowéd
The thirſty world below.

3 Rivers of ſalvation ſtill
Along the deſart roll,
Rivers to refreſh and heal
The fainting, ſinking ſoul;
Still the fountain of thy blood
Stands for ſinners openéd wide,
Now, e'en now, my Lord, and God,
I waſh me in thy ſide.

4 Now e'en now, we all plunge in,
And drink the purple wave,
This the antidote of ſin,
'Tis this our ſouls ſhall ſave:
With the life of Jeſus fed,
Lo! from ſtrength to ſtrength we riſe,
Followéd by our Rock, and led
To meet him in the ſkies,

II. *As it is a Sign and a Means of Grace.*

HYMN XXVIII.

1 AUTHOR of our ſalvation, Thee
With lowly thankful hearts we praiſe,
Author of this great myſtery,
Figure and means of ſaving grace.

2 The ſacred, true, effectual ſign
Thy body and thy blood it ſhews,
The glorious inſtrument divine,
Thy mercy and thy ſtrength beſtows.

3 We ſee the blood that ſeals our peace,
Thy pardoning mercy we receive:
The bread doth viſibly expreſs
The ſtrength thro' which our ſpirits live.

4 Our ſpirits drink a freſh ſupply,
And eat the bread ſo freely given,
Till borne on eagle's wings we fly,
And banquet with our Lord in heaven.

HYMN XXIX.

1 O Thou who this myſterious bread
Didſt in *Emmaus* break,
Return herewith our ſouls to feed,
And to thy followers ſpeak.

2 Unſeal

2 Unſeal the volume of thy grace,
Apply the goſpel word,
Open our eyes to ſee thy face,
Our hearts to know the Lord.

3 Of thee we commune ſtill, and mourn
Till thou the veil remove,
Talk with us, and our hearts ſhall burn
With flames of fervent love.

4 Inkindle now the heavenly zeal,
And make thy mercy known,
And give our pardoning ſouls to feel
That God and love are one.

HYMN XXX.

1 JESU, at whoſe ſupreme command,
We thus approach to God,
Before us in thy veſture ſtand,
Thy veſture dipt in blood.

2 Obedient to thy gracious word
We break the hallowéd bread,
Commemorate thee, our dying Lord,
And truſt on thee to feed.

3 Now, Saviour, now thyſelf reveal,
And make thy nature known,
Affix the ſacramental ſeal,
And ſtamp us for thine own.

4 The tokens of thy dying love,
O let us all receive,
And feel the quickéning ſpirit move,
And *ſenſibly* believe.

5 The cup of bleſſing, bleſt by thee,
Let it thy blood impart;
The bread thy myſtic body be,
And chear each languid heart.

6 The grace which ſure ſalvation brings,
Let us herewith receive;
Satiate the hungry with good things,
The hidden manna give.

7 The living bread ſent down from heaven,
In us vouchſafe to be;
Thy fleſh for all the world is given,
And all may live by thee.

8 Now, Lord, on us thy fleſh beſtow,
And let us drink thy blood,
Till all our ſouls are filléd below,
With all the life of God.

HYMN XXXI.

1 O Rock of our ſalvation, ſee
The ſouls that ſeek their reſt in thee,
Beneath thy cooling ſhadow hide,
And keep us, Saviour, in thy ſide;
By water and by blood redeem,
And waſh us in the mingled ſtream.

2 The ſin-atoning blood apply,
And let the water ſanctify,
Pardon and holineſs impart,
Sprinkle and purify our heart,
Waſh out the laſt remains of ſin,
And make our inmoſt nature clean.

3 The double ſtream in pardons rolls,
And brings thy love into our ſouls,

Who

Who dare the truth divine receive,
And credence to thy witneſs give,
We here thy utmoſt power ſhall prove,
Thy utmoſt power of perfect love.

HYMN XXXII.

1 JESU, to thee for help we call,
Plungéd in the depth of Adam's fall
Plaguéd with a carnal heart and mind,
No diſtance or of time or place
Secures us from the foul diſgrace
By him entailéd on all mankind.

2 Six thouſand years are now paſt by,
Yet ſtill like him we ſin and die,
As born within his houſe we were;
As each were that accurſed Cain,
We feel the all-polluting ſtain,
And groan our inbred ſin to bear.

3 Thou God of ſanctifying love,
Adam deſcended from above,
The virtue of thy blood impart,
O let it reach to all below,
As far extend, as freely flow
To cleanſe, as his to infect our heart.

4 Ruin in him complete we have,
And canſt not thou as greatly ſave,
And fully here our loſs repair?
Thou canſt, thou wilt, we dare believe,
We here thy nature ſhall retrieve,
And all thy heavenly image bear.

HYMN XXXIII.

1 JESU, dear redeeming Lord,
Magnify thy dying word,

In thine ordinance appear,
Come, and meet thy followers here.

2 In the rite thou haſt enjoinéd
Let us now our Saviour find,
Drink thy blood for ſinners ſhed,
Taſte thee in the broken bread.

3 Thou our faithful hearts prepare,
Thou thy pardoning grace declare,
Thou that haſt for ſinners died,
Shew thyſelf the crucified!

4 All the power of ſin remove,
Fill us with thy perfect love,
Stamp us with the ſtamp divine,
Seal our ſouls for ever thine.

HYMN XXXIV.

1 LORD of life, thy followers ſee
Hungéring, thirſting after thee,
At thy ſacred table feed,
Nouriſh us with living bread.

2 Chear us with immortal wine,
Heavenly ſuſtenance divine,
Grant us now a freſh ſupply,
Now relieve us, or we die.

HYMN XXXV.

1 O Thou paſchal Lamb of God,
Feed us with thy fleſh and blood,
Life and ſtrength thy death ſupplies,
Feaſt us on thy ſacrifice.

2 Quicken

2 Quicken our dead ſouls again,
Then our living ſouls ſuſtain,
Then in us thy life keep up,
Then confirm our faith and hope.

3 Still, O Lord, our ſtrength repair,
Till renewéd in love we are,
Till thy utmoſt grace we prove,
All thy life of perfect love.

HYMN XXXVI.

1 AMAZING myſtery of love!
While poſting to eternal pain,
God ſaw his rebels from above,
And ſtoopéd into a mortal man.

2 His mercy caſt a pitying look,
By love, mere cauſeleſs love inclinéd,
Our guilt and puniſhment he took,
And died a victim for mankind.

3 His blood procuréd our life and peace,
And quenchéd the wrath of hoſtile heaven;
Juſtice gave way to our releaſe,
And God hath all my ſins forgiven.

4 Jeſu, our pardon we receive,
The purchaſe of that blood of thine,
And now begin by grace to live,
And breathe the breath of love divine.

HYMN XXXVII.

1 BUT ſoon the tender life will die,
Though bought by the atoning blood,
Unleſs thou grant a freſh ſupply,
And waſh us in the watry flood.

2 The

2 The blood removéd our guilt in vain,
If ſin in us muſt always ſtay;
But thou ſhalt purge our inbred ſtain,
And waſh its relicks all away.

3 The ſtream that from thy wounded ſide,
In blended blood and water flowéd,
Shall cleanſe whom firſt it juſtified,
And fill us with the life of God.

4 Proceeds from thee the double grace;
Two efluxes of life divine,
To quicken all the faithful race,
In one eternal current join.

5 Saviour, thou didſt not come from heaven
By water or by blood alone,
Thou died'ſt that we might live forgiven,
And all be ſanctified in one.

HYMN XXXVIII.

1 WORTHY the Lamb of endleſs praiſe,
Whoſe double life we here ſhall prove,
The pardoning and the hallowing grace,
The childlike and the perfect love.

2 We here ſhall gain our calling's prize,
The gift unſpeakable receive,
And higher ſtill in death ariſe,
And all the life of glory live.

3 To make our right and title ſure,
Our dying Lord himſelf hath given,
His ſacrifice did all procure,
Pardon, and holiness, and heaven.

4 Our

4 Our life of grace we here ſhall feel,
Shed in our loving hearts abroad,
Till Chriſt our glorious life reveal,
Long hidden with himſelf in God,

5 Come, dear Redeemer of mankind,
We long thy open face to ſee,
Appear, and all who ſeek ſhall find,
Their bliſs conſummated in thee.

6 Thy preſence ſhall the cloud diſpart,
Thy preſence ſhall the life diſplay,
Then, then our all in all thou art,
Our fulneſs of eternal day!

HYMN XXXIX.

1 SINNER, with awe draw near,
And find thy Saviour here,
In his ordinances ſtill,
Touch his ſacramental cloaths,
Preſent in his power to heal,
Virtue from his body flows.

2 His body is the ſeat
Where all our bleſſings meet,
Full of unexhauſted worth,
Still it makes the ſinner whole,
Pours divine effuſions forth,
Life to every dying ſoul.

3 Pardon, and power, and peace,
And perfect righteouſneſs
From that ſacred fountain ſprings;
Waſhed in his all-cleanſing blood,
Riſe, ye worms, to prieſts and kings,
Riſe in Chriſt and reign with God.

HYMN XL.

1 AUTHOR of life divine,
Who haſt a table ſpread,
Furniſhéd with myſtic wine,
And everlaſting bread,
Preſerve the life thyſelf haſt given,
And feed, and train us up for heaven.

2 Our needy ſouls ſuſtain
With freſh ſupplies of love,
Till all thy life we gain,
And all thy fullneſs prove,
And ſtrengthenéd by thy perfect grace,
Behold without a veil thy face.

HYMN XLI.

1 TRUTH of the paſchal ſacrifice,
Jeſu, regard thy people's cries,
Nor let us in our ſins remain;
Surely thou hearſt the priſoners groan,
Come down, to our relief come down,
And break the dire accuſer's chain.

2 Humble the proud oppreſſive king,
Deliverance to thine *Iſrael* bring,
And while thé unſprinkled victims die,
Thy death for us preſent to God,
Write our protection in thy blood,
And bid the helliſh fiend paſs by.

HYMN

HYMN XLII.

1 GLORY to Him who freely ſpent
His blood that we might live,
And through this choiceſt inſtrument
Doth all his bleſſings give.

2 Faſting he doth, and Hearing bleſs,
And Prayer can much avail,
Good veſſels all to draw the grace
Out of ſalvation's well.

3 But none like this myſterious right
Which dying mercy gave,
Can draw forth all his promiſed might,
And all his will to ſave.

4 This is the richeſt legacy
Thou haſt on man beſtowed,
Here chiefly, Lord, we feed on thee,
And drink thy precious blood.

5 Here all thy bleſſings we receive,
Here all thy gifts are given:
To thoſe that would in the believe,
Pardon, and grace, and heaven.

6 Thus may we ſtill in thee be bleſt,
Till all from earth remove,
And ſhare with thee the marriage-feaſt,
And drink the wine above.

HYMN XLIII.

1 SAVIOUR, and can it be
That thou ſhouldeſt dwell with me:
From thy high and lofty throne,
Throne of everlaſting bliſs,
Will thy majeſty ſtoop down
To ſo mean a houſe as this?

2 I am not worthy, Lord,
So foul, ſo ſelf-abhorréd,
Thee, my God, to entertain
In this poor, polluted heart;
I am frail, a ſinful man,
All my nature cries, depart!

3 Yet come thou heavenly Gueſt,
And purify my breaſt,
Come thou great and glorious king,
While before thy croſs I bow,
With thyſelf ſalvation bring,
Cleanſe the houſe by entering now.

HYMN XLIV.

1 OUR paſſover for us is ſlain,
The tokens of his death remain
On theſe authentic ſigns impreſt:
By Jeſus out of *Egypt* led,
Still on the paſchal lamb we feed,
And keep the ſacramental feaſt.

2 That arm which ſmote the parting ſea
Is ſtill ſtretchéd out for us, for me;

The Angel-God is ſtill our guide,
And leſt we in the deſart faint,
We find our ſpirit's every want
By conſtant miracle ſupplied.

3 Thy fleſh for our ſupport is given.
Thou art the bread ſent down from heaven,
That all mankind by thee might live;
O that we evermore may prove
The manna of thy quickening love,
And all thy life of grace receive!

4 Nouriſh us to that awful day
When types and veils ſhall paſs away,
And perfect grace in glory end;
Us for the marriage-feaſt prepare,
Unfurl thy banner in the air,
And bid thy ſaints to heaven aſcend.

HYMN XLV.

1 TREMENDOUS love to loſt mankind!
Could none but Chriſt the ranſom find,
Could none but Chriſt the pardon buy?
How great the ſin of *Adam's* race!
How greater ſtill the Savjour's grace,
When God doth for his creature die!

Not heaven ſo rich a grace can ſhow,
As this he did on worms beſtow,
Thoſe darlings of the incarnate God;
Leſs favoured were the angel powers:
Their crowns are cheaper far than ours,
Nor ever coſt the Lamb his blood.

2 Our ſouls eternally to ſave,
More than ten thouſand worlds he gave;

That we might know our ſins forgiven,
That we might in thy glory ſhine,
The purchaſe-price was blood divine,
And bought the aceldema of heaven.

Jeſu, we bleſs thy ſaving name,
And truſting in thy merits, claim
Our rich inheritance above:
Thou ſhalt thy ranſomed ſervants own,
And raiſe and ſeat us on thy throne,
Dear objects of thy dying love.

HYMN XLVI.

1 HOW richly is the table ſtored
Of Jeſus our redeeming Lord!
Melchiſedec and *Aaron* join
To furniſh out the feaſt divine.

2 *Aaron* for us the blood hath ſhed,
Melchiſedec beſtows the bread,
To nouriſh, this, and that to atone;
And both the Prieſts in Chriſt are one.

3 Jeſus appears to ſacrifice,
The fleſh and blood himſelf ſupplies:
Entered the veil, his death he pleads,
And bleſſes all our ſouls and feeds.

4 'Tis here he meets the faithful line,
Suſtains us with his bread and wine!
We feel the double grace is given,
And gladly urge our way to heaven.

HYMN XLVII.

1 JESUS, thy weakeſt ſervants bleſs,
Give what theſe hallowéd ſigns expreſs,
And what thou givéſt, ſecure;
Pardon into my ſoul convey,
Strength in thy pardoning love to ſtay,
And to the end endure.

2 Raiſe, and enable me to ſtand,
Save out of the deſtroyer's hand
This helpleſs ſoul of mine;
Vouchſafe me then thy ſtrengthéning grace,
And with the arms of love embrace,
And keep me ever thine.

HYMN XLVIII.

1 SAVIOUR of my ſoul from ſin,
Thou my kind preſerver be,
Stabliſh what thou doſt begin,
Carry on thy work in me,
All thy faithful mercies ſhow,
Hold, and never let me go.

2 Never let me loſe my peace,
Forfeit what thy goodneſs gave,
Give it ſtill, and ſtill increaſe,
Save me, and perſiſt to ſave,
Seal the grant conferréd before,
Give thy bleſſing evermore.

HYMN

HYMN XLIX.

1 SON of God, thy bleſſing grant,
Still ſupply my every want,
Tree of life, thine influence ſhed,
With thy ſap my ſpirit feed.

2 Tendereſt branch, alas, am I,
Wither without thee and die,
Weak as helpleſs infancy,
O confirm my ſoul in thee.

3 Unſuſtained by thee I fall,
Send the ſtrength for which I call,
Weaker than a bruiſed reed,
Help I every moment need.

4 All my hopes on thee depend,
Love me, ſave me to the end,
Give me the continuing grace,
Take the everlaſting praiſe.

HYMN L.

1 FATHER of everlaſting love,
Whoſe bowels of compaſſion move,
To all thy gracious hands have made,
See, in the howling deſart ſee
A ſoul from Egypt brought by thee,
And help me with thy conſtant aid.

2 Ah, do not, Lord, thine own forſake,
Nor let my feeble ſoul look back,
Or baſely turn to ſin again;
No never let me faint or tire,
But travel on in ſtrong deſire,
Till I my heavenly Canaan gain.

HYMN

HYMN LI.

1 THOU very paſchal lamb,
Whoſe blood for us was ſhed,
Through whom we out of Egypt came;
Thy ranſomed people lead.

2 Angel of goſpel-grace
Fulfil thy character,
To guard and feed the choſen race,
In Iſrael's camp appear.

3 Throughout the deſart-way
Conduct us by thy light,
Be thou a cooling cloud by day,
A chearing fire by night.

4 Our fainting ſouls ſuſtain,
With bleſſings from above,
And ever on thy people rain,
The manna of thy love.

HYMN LII.

1 O Thou who hanging on the croſs,
Didſt buy our pardon with thy blood,
Canſt thou not ſtill maintain our cauſe,
And fill us with the life of God,
Bleſs with the bleſſings of thy throne,
And perfect all our ſouls in one?

2 Lo, on thy bloody ſacrifice
For all our graces we depend!
Supported by thy croſs ariſe
To finiſhed holineſs aſcend,
And gain on earth the mountain's height,
And then ſalute our friends in light.

HYMN LIII.

1 O God of truth and love,
Let us thy mercy prove:
Bleſs thine ordinance divine,
Let it now effectual be,
Anſwer all its great deſign,
All its gracious ends in me.

2 O might the ſacred word,
Set forth our dying Lord,
Point us to thy ſufferings paſt,
Preſent grace and ſtrength impart,
Give our raviſhed ſouls a taſte,
Pledge of glory in our heart.

3 Come in thy Spirit down,
Thine inſtitution crown,
Lamb of God, as ſlain appear,
Life of all believers thou,
Let us now perceive thee near,
Come, thou hope of glory, now.

HYMN LIV.

1 WHY did my dying Lord ordain
This dear memorial of his love?
Might we not all by faith obtain,
By faith the mountain-ſin remove,
Enjoy the ſenſe of ſins forgiven,
And holineſs the taſte of heaven?

2 It ſeemed to my Redeemer good,
That faith ſhould here his coming wait,
Should here receive immortal food,
Grow up in him divinely great,

And

And filléd with holy violence, ſeize
The glorious crown of righteouſneſs.

3 Saviour, thou didſt the myſtery give,
That I thy nature might partake,
Thou bidſt me outward ſigns receive,
One with thyſelf my ſoul to make,
My body, ſoul, and ſpirit to' join
Inſeparably one with thine.

4 The prayer, the faſt, the word conveys,
When mixt with faith, thy life to me,
In all the channels of thy grace,
I ſtill have fellowſhip with thee,
But chiefly here my ſoul is fed
With fulneſs of immortal bread.

5 Communion cloſer far I feel,
And deeper drink the atoning blood,
The joy is more unſpeakable,
And yields me larger draughts of God,
Till nature faints beneath the power,
And faith filléd up, can hold no more.

HYMN LV.

1 'TIS not a dead, external ſign
Which here my hopes require,
The living power of love divine
In Jeſus I deſire.

2 I want the dear Redeemer's grace,
I ſeek the Crucifiéd,
The man that ſuffereéd in my place,
The God that groaneéd, and died.

3 Swift, as their riſing Lord to find
The two diſciples ran,
I ſeek the Saviour of mankind,
Nor ſhall I ſeek in vain.

4 Come all who long his face to ſee
That did our burthen bear,
Haſten to Calvary with me,
And we ſhall find him there.

HYMN LVI.

1 HOW dreadful is the myſtery,
Which inſtituted, Lord, by thee,
Or life or death conveys!
Death to the impious and profane;
Nor ſhall our faith in thee be vain,
Who here expect thy grace.

2 Who eats unworthily this bread,
Pulls down thy curſes on his head,
And eats his deadly bane;
And ſhall not we who rightly eat,
Live by the ſalutary meat,
And equal bleſſings gain?

3 Deſtruction if thy body ſhed,
And ſtrike the ſouls of ſinners dead,
Who dare the ſigns abuſe;
Surely the inſtrument divine,
To all that are, or would be thine,
Shall ſaving health diffuſe.

4 Saviour of life, and joy, and bliſs,
Pardon, and power, and perfect peace
We ſhall herewith receive,
The grace implied through faith is given,
And we that eat the bread of heaven,
The life of heaven ſhall live.

HYMN

HYMN LVII.

1 O The depth of love divine,
The unfathomable grace!
Who ſhall ſay how bread and wine
God into man conveys!
How the bread his fleſh imparts,
How the wine tranſmits his blood,
Fills his faithful people's hearts,
With all the life of God!

2 Let the wiſeſt mortal ſhow
How we the grace receive:
Feeble elements beſtow
A power not theirs to give:
Who explains this wondrous way?
How through theſe the virtue came!
Theſe the virtue did convey,
Yet ſtill remain the ſame.

3 How can heavenly ſpirits riſe,
By earthly matter fed,
Drink herewith divine ſupplies,
And eat immortal bread?
Aſk the Father's wiſdom *how*;
Him that did the means ordain,
Angels round our altars bow,
To ſearch it out, in vain.

4 Sure and real is the grace,
The manner be unknown;
Only meet us in thy ways,
And perfect us in one:
Let us taſte the heavenly powers
Lord, we aſk for nothing more;
Thine to bleſs, 'tis only our's,
To wonder and adore.

HYMN LVIII.

1 HOW long, thou faithful God, ſhall I
Here in thy ways forgotten lie?
When ſhall the means of healing be
The channels of thy grace to me?

2 Sinners on every ſide ſtep in,
And waſh away their pain and ſin,
But I, an helpleſs, ſin-ſick ſoul,
Still lie expiring at the pool.

3 In vain I take the broken bread,
I cannot on thy mercy feed,
In vain I drink the hallowéd wine,
I cannot taſte the love divine.

4 Angel and Son of God come down,
Thy ſacramental banquet crown,
Thy power into the means infuſe,
And give them now their ſacred uſe.

5 Thou ſeeſt me lying at the pool,
I would, thou knowſt, I would be whole;
O let the troubled waters move,
And miniſter thy healing love.

6 Break to me now the hallowéd bread,
And bid me on thy body feed;
Give me the wine, almighty God,
And let me drink thy precious blood.

7 Surely if thou the ſymbols bleſs,
The covenant-blood ſhall ſeal my peace,
Thy fleſh even now ſhall be my food,
And all my ſoul be filléd with God.

HYMN LIX.

1 GOD incomprehenſible
Shall man preſume to know,
Fully ſearch him out, or tell
His wondrous ways below?
Him in all his ways we find:
How the means tranſmit the power,
Here he leaves our thoughts behind,
And faith enquires no more.

2 How he did theſe creatures raiſe,
And make this bread and wine
Organs to convey his grace,
To this poor ſoul of mine;
I cannot the way deſcry,
Need not know the myſtery,
Only this I know, that I
Was blind, but now I ſee.

3 Now mine eyes are openéd wide,
To ſee his pardoning love,
Here I view the God that died
My ruin to remove;
Clay upon mine eyes he laid,
(I at once my ſight receivéd)
Bleſséd, and bid me eat the bread,
And lo! my ſoul believéd.

HYMN LX.

1 COME to the feaſt, for Chriſt invites,
And promiſes to feed,
'Tis here his cloſeſt love unites
The members to their head,

2 'Tis here he nouriſhes his own,
With living bread from heaven,
Or makes himſelf to mourners known,
And ſhews their ſins forgiven.

3 Still in his inſtituted ways
He bids us aſk the power,
The pardoning, or the hallowing grace,
And wait the appointed hour.

4 'Tis not for us to ſet our God
A time his grace to give,
The benefit whene'er beſtowed
We gladly ſhould receive.

5 Who ſeek redemption through his love,
His love ſhall them redeem;
He came ſelf-emptied from above,
That we might live through him.

6 Expect we then the quickening word,
Who at his altar bow;
But if it be thy pleaſure, Lord,
O let us find thee now.

HYMN LXI.

1 THOU God of boundleſs power and grace,
How wonderful are all thy ways,
How far above our loftieſt thought;
In preſence of the meaneſt things,
(While all from thee the virtue ſprings,)
Thy moſt ſtupendous works are wrought.

Struck by a ſtroke of *Moſes'* rod,
The parting ſea confeſſed its God,
And high in cryſtal bulwarks roſe;

At

At *Moſes'* beck it burſt the chain,
Returnéd to all its ſtrength again,
And ſwept to hell thy church's foes.

2 Let but thy ark the walls ſurround,
Let but the ram's-horn trumpet's ſound,
The city boaſts its height no more;
Its bulwarks are at once o'erthrown,
Its maſſy walls by air blown down,
They fall before almighty power.

Jordan at thy command ſhall heal
The ſore diſeaſe incurable,
And waſh out all the leper's ſtains;
Or oil the medicine ſhall ſupply,
Or clothes, or ſhadows paſſing by,
If ſo thy ſovereign will ordains.

3 Yet not from theſe the power proceeds,
Trumpets, or rods, or clothes, or ſhades,
Thy only arm the work hath done;
If inſtruments thy wiſdom chuſe,
Thy grace confers their ſaving uſe:
Salvation is from God alone.

Thou in this ſacramental bread,
Doſt now our hungry ſpirits feed,
And chear us with the hallowéd wine,
(Communion of thy fleſh and blood)
We banquet on immortal food,
And drink the ſtreams of life divine.

H Y M N LXII.

1 THE heavenly ordinances ſhine,
And ſpeak their origin divine,
The ſtars diffuſe their golden blaze,
And glitter to their Maker's praiſe.

2 They each in different glory bright,
With ſtronger or with feebler light
Their influence on mortals ſhed,
And chear us by their friendly aid.

3 The goſpel-ordinances here
As ſtars in Jeſu's church appear,
His power they more or leſs declare,
But all his heavenly impreſs bear.

4 Around our lower orb they burn,
And chear and bleſs us in their turn,
Tranſmit the light by Jeſus given,
The faithful witneſſes of heaven.

5 They ſteer the pilgrim's courſe aright,
And bounteous of their borrowed light
Conduct throughout the deſart way,
And lead us to eternal day.

6 But firſt of the celeſtial train,
Benigneſt to the ſons of men,
The *ſacramental glory* ſhines,
And anſwers all our God's deſigns.

7 The heavenly hoſt it paſſes far,
Illuſtrious as the morning ſtar,
The light of life divine imparts,
While Jeſus riſes in our hearts.

8 With joy we feel its ſacred power,
But neither ſtars nor means adore,
We take the bleſſing from above,
And praiſe the God of truth and love.

9 What he did for our uſe ordain,
Shall ſtill from age to age remain;
Whoe'er rejects the kind command,
The word of God ſhall ever ſtand.

10 Go fooliſh worms, his word deny,
Go tear thoſe planets from the ſky,
But while the ſun and moon endure,
The ordinance on earth is ſure.

HYMN LXIII.

1 O God thy word we claim,
Thou here recordſt thy name,
Viſit us in pardoning grace,
Chriſt the crucifiéd appear,
Come in thy appointed ways,
Come, and meet, and bleſs us here.

2 No local Deity
We worſhip, Lord, in thee:
Free thy grace and unconfinéd,
Yet it here doth freeſt move:
In the means thy love enjoinéd,
Look we for thy richeſt love.

HYMN LXIV.

1 O The grace on man beſtowéd!
Here my deareſt Lord I ſee
Offering up his death to God,
Giving all his life to me:
God for Jeſu's ſake forgives,
Man by Jeſu's Spirit lives.

2 Yes, thy ſacrament extends
All the bleſſings of thy death,
To the ſoul that here attends,
Longs to feel thy quickéning breath:
Surely we who wait ſhall prove
All thy life of perfect love.

HYMN LXV.

1 BLEST be the Lord, for ever bleſt,
Who bought us with a price,
And bids his ranſomed ſervants feaſt
On his great ſacrifice.

2 Thy blood was ſhed upon the croſs
To waſh us white as ſnow,
Broken for us thy body was,
To feed our ſouls below.

3 Now on the ſacred table laid,
Thy fleſh becomes our food,
Thy life is to our ſouls conveyed
In ſacramental blood.

4 We eat the offerings of our peace,
The hidden manna prove,
And only live to adore and bleſs
Thine all-ſufficient love.

HYMN LXVI.

1 JESU, my Lord and God beſtow
All which thy ſacrament doth ſhew,
And make the real ſign
A pure effectual means of grace,
Then ſanctify my heart and bleſs,
And make it all like thine.

2 Great is thy faithfulneſs and love,
Thine ordinance can never prove
Of none effect and vain;
Only do thou my heart prepare,
To find thy real preſence there,
And all thy fulneſs gain.

HYMN LXVII.

1 FATHER, I offer thee my own,
This worthleſs ſoul, and thou thy Son
Doſt offer here to me:
Wilt thou ſo mean a gift receive,
And will the holy Jeſus live
With loathſome leproſy?

2 Saint of the Lord, my ſoul is ſin,
Yet, O eternal prieſt come in,
And cleanſe thy mean abode;
Convert into a ſacred ſhrine,
And count this abject ſoul of mine
A temple meet for God.

HYMN LXVIII.

1 JESU, Son of God, draw near,
Haſten to my ſepulchre,
Help, where dead in ſin I lie,
Save, or I for ever die.

2 Let no ſavour of the grave
Stop thy power to help and ſave,
Call me forth to life reſtored,
Quickened by my dying Lord.

3 By thine all atoning blood
Raiſe and bring me now to God,
Now, pronounce my ſins forgiven,
Looſe, and let me go to heaven.

HYMN LXIX.

1 SINFUL, and blind, and poor,
And loſt without thy grace,
Thy mercy I implore,
And wait to ſee thy face;

Begging

Begging I ſit by the way-ſide,
And long to know the Crucified.

2 Jeſu, attend my cry,
Thou Son of David hear,
If now thou paſſeſt by,
Stand ſtill and call me near,
The darkneſs from my heart remove,
And ſhew me now thy pardoning love.

HYMN LXX.

HAPPY the man to whom 'tis given,
To eat the bread of life in heaven:
This happineſs in Chriſt we prove,
Who feed on his forgiving love.

HYMN LXXI.

1 DRAW near, ye blood-beſprinkled race,
And take what God vouchſafes to give,
The outward ſign of inward grace,
Ordained by Chriſt himſelf, receive:
The ſign tranſmits the Signified,
The grace is by the means applied.

2 Sure pledges of his dying love,
Receive the ſacramental meat,
And feel the virtue from above,
The myſtic fleſh of Jeſus eat,
Drink with the wine his healing blood,
And feaſt on the incarnate God:

3 Groſs miſconceit be far away!
Through faith we on his body feed,
Faith only doth the Spirit convey,
And fills our ſouls with living bread.

The

The effects of Jesu's death imparts,
And pours his blood into our hearts.

HYMN LXXII.

1 COME, Holy Ghost, thine influence shed,
And realize the sign,
Thy life infuse into the bread,
Thy power into the wine,

2 Effectual let the tokens prove,
And made by heavenly art,
Fit channels to convey thy love
To every faithful heart.

HYMN LXXIII.

1 IS not the cup of blessing blest
By us, the sacred means to impart
Our Saviour's blood with power impress,
And pardon to the faithful heart?

2 Is not the hallowed broken bread,
A sure communicating sign,
An instrument ordained to feed
Our souls with mystic flesh divine?

3 The effects of his atoning blood,
His body offered on the tree,
Are with the awful types bestowed
On me, the pardoned rebel *me!*

4 On all who at his word draw near,
In faith the outward veil look through:
Sinners, believe; and find him here:
Believe: and feel he died for you.

5 In memory of your dying God,
The ſymbols faithfully receive,
And eat the fleſh, and drink the blood
Of Jeſus, and for ever live.

HYMN LXXIV.

1 THIS, this is He that came
By water and by blood!
Jeſus is our atoning Lamb,
Our ſanctifying God.

2 See from his wounded ſide
The mingled current flow!
The water and the blood applied,
Shall waſh us white as ſnow.

3 The water cannot cleanſe,
Before the blood we feel,
To purge the guilt of all our ſins,
And our forgiveneſs ſeal.

4 But both in Jeſus join,
Who ſpeaks our ſins forgiven,
And gives the purity divine,
That makes us meet for heaven.

HYMN LXXV.

1 FATHER, the grace we claim,
The double grace beſtowed
On all who truſt in him that came
By water and by blood.

2 Jeſu, the blood apply,
The righteouſneſs bring in,
Us by thy dying juſtify,
And waſh out all our ſin.

3 Spirit of faith come down,
Thy ſeal with power ſet to,
The banquet by thy preſence crown,
And prove the record true.

4 Pardon and grace impart:
Come quickly from above,
And witneſs now in every heart
That God is perfect love.

HYMN LXXVI.

1 SEARCHER of hearts, in ours appear,
And make, and keep them all ſincere,
Or draw us hurthened to thy Son,
Or make him to his mourners known.

2 Thy promiſed grace vouchſafe to give,
As each is able to receive,
The bleſſed gift to all impart;
Or joy, or purity of heart.

3 Our helpleſs unbelief remove,
And melt us by thy pardoning love,
Work in us faith, or faith's increaſe,
The dawning, or the perfect peace.

4 Give each to thee as ſeemeth beſt,
But meet us all at thy own feaſt,
Thy bleſſing in thy means convey,
Nor empty ſend one ſoul away.

HYMN LXXVII.

1 HOW long, O Lord, ſhall we
In vain lament for thee;
Come, and comfort them that mourn,
Come, as in the antient days,
In thine ordinance return,
In thine own appointed ways.

2 Come to thy houſe again,
Nor let us ſeek in vain:
This the place of meeting be,
To thy weeping flock repair,
Let us here thy beauty ſee,
Find thee in the houſe of prayer.

3 Let us with ſolemn awe
Nigh to thine altar draw,
Taſte thee in the broken bread,
Drink thee in the myſtic wine;
Now the gracious ſpirit ſhed,
Fill us now with love divine.

4 Into our minds recal
Thy death endured for all:
Come in this accepted day,
Come, and all our ſouls reſtore,
Come, and take our ſins away,
Come, and never leave us more.

HYMN LXXVIII.

1 LAMB of God, for whom we languiſh,
Make thy grief, Our relief,
Eaſe us by thine anguiſh.

2 O our

2 O our agonizing Saviour,
By thy pain, Let us gain
God's eternal favour.

3 Suffer ſin no more to oppreſs us,
Set us free (All with me)
By thy bonds releaſe us.

4 Clear us by thy condemnation;
Slain for all, Let thy fall
Be our exaltation.

5 Thy deſerts to us make over;
Speak us whole, Every ſoul
By thy word recover.

6 Let us through thy curſe inherit
Bleſſings ſtore, Love and power,
Fulneſs of thy Spirit.

7 The whole benéfit of thy paſſion,
Preſent peace, Future bliſs,
All thy great ſalvation.

8 Power to walk in all well-pleaſing
Bid us take, Come and make
This thé accepted ſeaſon.

9 In thine own appointments bleſs us,
Meet us here, Now appear,
Our almighty Jeſus.

10 Let the ordinance be ſealing,
Enter now, Claim us thou
For thy conſtant dwelling.

11 Fill the heart of each believer,
We are thine, Love divine
Reign in us for ever.

HYMN LXXIX.

1 JESU, regard the plaintive cry,
The groaning of thy priſoners hear,
Thy blood to every ſoul apply,
The heart of every mourner chear,
The tokens of thy paſſion ſhow,
And meet us in thy ways below.

2 Thé atonement thou for all haſt made,
O that we all might now receive!
Aſſure us now the debt is paid,
And thou haſt died that all may live,
Thy death for all, for us reveal,
And let thy blood *my* pardon ſeal.

HYMN LXXX.

WITH pity, Lord, a ſinner ſee,
Weary of thy ways and thee:
Forgive my fond deſpair
A bleſſing in the means to find,
My ſtruggling to throw off the care,
And caſt them all behind.

2 Long have I groanéd thy grace to gain,
Sufferéd ón, but all in vain;
An age of mournful years
I waited for thy paſſing by,
And loſt my prayers, and ſighs, and tears,
And never found thee nigh.

3 Thou wouldſt not let me go away;
Still thou forceſt me to ſtay,

O might

O might the ſecret power
Which will not with its captive part,
Nail to the poſts of mercy's door
My poor unſtable heart.

4 The nails that fixéd thee to the tree,
Only they can faſten me:
The death thou didſt endure,
For me let it effectual prove:
Thy love alone my ſoul can cure,
Thy dear expiring love.

5 Now in the means the grace impart,
Whiſper peace into my heart:
Appear the Juſtifier
Of all who to thy wounds would fly,
And let me have my one deſire,
To ſee thy face, and die.

HYMN LXXXI.

1 JESU, we thus obey
Thy laſt and kindeſt word,
Here in thine own appointed way
We come to meet our Lord;
The way thou haſt enjoinéd,
Thou wilt therein appear;
We come with confidence to find
Thy ſpecial preſence here.

2 Our hearts we open wide
To make the Saviour room;
And lo! the Lamb, the crucifiéd,
The ſinner's friend is come!
His preſence makes the feaſt,
And now our boſoms feel
The glory not to be expreſt,
The joy unſpeakable.

3 With pure celeſtial bliſs
He doth our ſpirits chear,
His houſe of banqueting is this,
And he hath brought us here:
He doth his ſervants feed
With manna from above;
His banner over us is ſpread,
His everlaſting love.

4 He bids us drink and eat
Imperiſhable food;
He gives his fleſh to be our meat,
And bids us drink his blood:
Whate'er thé Almighty can
To pardonéd ſinners give,
The fulneſs of our God made man
We here with Chriſt receive.

HYMN LXXXII.

1 JESU, ſinner's friend receive us,
Feeble, famiſhing, and faint,
O thou bread of life relieve us,
Now, or now we die for want:
Leſt we faint and die for ever,
Thou our ſinking ſpirits ſtay,
Give ſome token of thy favour,
Empty ſend us not away.

2 We have in the deſart tarriéd
Long, and nothing have to eat,
Comfort us through wandéring weariéd,
Feed our ſouls with living meat:
Still with bowels of compaſſion
See thy helpleſs people, ſee,
Let us taſte thy great ſalvation,
Let us feed by faith on thee.

HYMN

HYMN LXXXIII.

1 LORD, if now thou paſſeſt by us,
Stand and call us unto thee,
Freely, fully juſtify us,
Give us eyes thy love to ſee:
Love that brought thee down from heaven,
Made our God a man of grief;
Let it ſhew our ſins forgiven;
Help, O help our unbelief.

2 Long we for thy love have waited,
Begging ſat by the way-ſide,
Still we are not new-created,
Are not wholly ſanctifiéd:
Thou to ſome, in great compaſſion
Haſt in part their ſight reſtoréd,
Shew us all thy full ſalvation,
Make the ſervants as their Lord.

HYMN LXXXIV.

1 CHRIST, our paſsover, for us
Is offeréd up and ſlain!
Let him be remembéred thus
By every ſoul of man:
We are bound above the reſt
His oblation to proclaim,
Keep we then the ſolemn feaſt,
And banquet on the Lamb.

2 Purge we all our ſin away,
That old accurſed leavén,
Sin in us no longer ſtay,
In us through Chriſt forgivén:

Let

Let us with hearts ſincere,
Eat the new unleavenéd bread,
To our Lord with faith draw near,
And on his promiſe feed.

3 Jeſus, Maſter of the feaſt,
The feaſt itſelf thou art,
Now receive thy meaneſt gueſt,
And comfort every heart:
Give us living bread to eat,
Manna that from heaven comes down,
Fill us with immortal meat,
And make thy nature known.

4 In this barren wilderneſs
Thou haſt a table ſpread,
Furniſhéd out with richeſt grace,
Whate'er our ſouls can need.
Still ſuſtain us by thy love,
Still thy ſervant's ſtrength repair,
Till we reach the courts above,
And feaſt for ever there.

HYMN LXXXV.

1 O Thou, whom ſinners love, whoſe care
Doth all our ſickneſs heal,
Thee we approach with hearts ſincere,
Thy power we joy to feel.
To thee our humbleſt thanks we pay,
To thee our ſouls we bow,
Of hell e'erwhile the helpleſs prey,
Heirs of thy glory now.

2 As incenſe to thy throne above,
O let our prayers ariſe;
Wing with the flames of holy love
Our living ſacrifice;

Stir

Stir up thy ſtrength, O Lord of might,
Our willing breaſts inſpire,
Fill our whole ſouls with heavenly light,
Melt with ſeraphic fire.

3 From thy bleſt wounds, life let us draw,
Thine all-atoning blood
Now let us drink with trembling awe,
Thy fleſh be now our food.
Come, Lord, thy ſovereign aid impart,
Here make thy likeneſs ſhine,
Stamp thy whole image on our heart,
And all our heart is thine.

HYMN LXXXVI.

1 AND ſhall I let him go?
If now I do not *feel*
The ſtreams of living water flow,
Shall I forſake the well?

2 Becauſe he hides his face,
Shall I no longer ſtay,
But leave the channels of his grace,
And caſt the means away?

3 Get thee behind me, fiend,
On others try thy ſkill,
Here let thy helliſh whiſpers end,
To thee I ſay, *Be ſtill!*

4 Jeſus hath ſpoke the word,
His will my reaſon is,
Do this in memory of thy Lord,
Jeſus hath ſaid, *Do this!*

5 He bids me eat the bread,
He bids me drink the wine,
No other motive, Lord, I need,
No other word than thine.

6 I chearfully comply
With what my Lord doth ſay,
Let others aſk a reaſon why,
My glory is to' obey.

7 His will is good and juſt:
Shall I his will withſtand?
If Jeſus bid me lick the duſt,
I bow at his command:

8 Becauſe he ſaith, *Do this*,
This I will always do,
Till Jeſus come in glorious bliſs,
I *thus* his death will *ſhew*.

HYMN LXXXVII.

1 BY the picture of thy paſſion,
Still in pain, I remain
Waiting for ſalvation.

2 Jeſu, let thy ſufferings eaſe me,
Saviour, Lord, Speak the word,
By thy death releaſe me.

3 At thy croſs behold me lying,
Make my ſoul Throughly whole,
By thy blood's applying.

4 Hear me, Lord, my ſins confeſſing,
Now relieve, Saviour give,
Give me now the bleſſing.

5 Still my cruel ſins oppreſs me,
Tiéd and bound, Till the ſound
Of thy voice releaſe me.

6 Call me out of condemnation,
To my grave Come and ſave,
Save me by thy paſſion.

7 To thy foul and helpleſs creature,
Come, and cleanſe All my ſins,
Come and change my nature.

8 Save me now, and ſtill deliver,
Enter in, Caſt out ſin,
Keep thine houſe for ever.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

1 GIVE us this day, all bountéous Lord,
Our ſacramental bread,
Who thus his ſacrifice record,
That ſufferéd in our ſtead.

2 Reveal in every ſoul thy Son,
And let us taſte the grace
Which brings aſſuréd ſalvation down
To all who ſeek thy face.

3 Who here commemorate his death,
To us his life impart,
The loving filial Spirit breathe
Into my waiting heart.

4 My earneſt of eternal bliſs
Let my Redeemer be,
And if even now he preſent is,
Now let him ſpeak to me.

HYMN LXXXIX.

1 YE faithful ſouls, who thus record
The paſſion of that Lamb divine,
Is the memorial of your Lord
An uſeleſs form, an empty ſign?
Or doth he here his life impart;
What ſaith the witneſs of your heart?

2 Is it the dying Maſter's will
That we ſhould this perſiſt to do?
Then let him here himſelf reveal,
The tokens of his preſence ſhow;
Deſcend in bleſſings from above,
And anſwer by the fire of love.

3 Who thee remember in thy ways,
Come, Lord, and meet and bleſs us here,
In confidence we aſk the grace,
Faithful and true, appear, appear:
Let all perceive thy blood applied,
Let all diſcern the Crucified.

4 'Tis done; the Lord ſets to his ſeal,
The prayer is heard, the grace is given,
With joy unſpeakable we feel
The Holy Ghoſt ſent down from heaven,
The altar ſtreams with ſacred blood,
And all the temple flames with God!

HYMN XC.

1 BLEST be the love, for ever bleſt:
The bleeding love we thus record!
Jeſus, we take the dear bequeſt,
Obedient to thy kindeſt word,

2 Thy

Thy word which ſtands divinely ſure,
And ſhall from age to age endure.

2 In vain the ſubtle tempter tries
Thy dying precept to repeal,
To hide the letter from our eyes,
And break the teſtamental ſeal,
Refine the ſolid truth away,
And make us free——to diſobey.

3 In vain he labours to perſuade
Thou didſt not mean the word ſhould bind:
The feaſt for thy firſt followers made,
For them and us, and all mankind;
Mindful of thee we ſtill attend,
And this we do, till time ſhall end.

4 Through vain pretence of clearer light
We do not, Lord, refuſe to ſee,
Or weakly the commandment ſlight,
To ſhew our Chriſtian liberty,
Or ſeek rebelliouſly to prove,
The pureneſs of our catholic love.

5 Our wandring brethren's hearts to gain,
We will not let our Saviour go;
But in thine antient paths remain,
But thus perſiſt thy death to ſhow,
Till ſtrong with all thy life we riſe,
And meet thee coming in the ſkies!

HYMN XCI.

1 ALL-loving, all-redeeming Lord,
Thy wandring ſheep with pity ſee,
Who ſlight thy deareſt, dying word,
And will not thus remember thee;

To all who would perform thy will,
The glorious promiſéd truth reveal.

2 Can we enjoy thy richeſt love,
Nor long that they the grace may ſhare;
Thou from their eyes the ſcales remove,
Thou the eternal word declare:
Thy Spirit with thy word impart,
And ſpeak the precept to their heart.

3 If chiefly here thou mayſt be found,
If now, e'en now we find thee here,
O let their joys like ours abound,
Invite them to the royal cheer:
Feed with imperiſhable food,
And fill their rapturéd ſouls with God.

4 Jeſu, we will not let thee go,
But keep herein our faſteſt hold,
Till thou to them thy counſel ſhow,
And call and make us all one fold;
One hallowéd undivided bread,
One body, knit to thee our head.

HYMN XCII.

1 AH tell us no more
The ſpirit and power
Of Jeſus our God
Is not to be found in this life-giving food!

2 Did Jeſus ordain
His ſupper in vain,
And furniſh a feaſt
For none but his earlieſt ſervants to taſte?

3 Nay but this is his will
(We know it and feel)

That

That we ſhould partake
The banquet for all he ſo freely did make.

4 In rapturous bliſs
He bids us do this,
The joy it imparts
Hath witneſſed his gracious deſign in our hearts.

5 'Tis God we believe,
Who cannot deceive,
The witneſs of God
Is preſent and ſpeaks in the myſtical blood.

6 Receiving the bread,
On Jeſus we feed,
It doth not appear
His manner of working; but Jeſus is here!

7 With bread from above,
With comfort and love
Our ſpirit he fills,
And all his unſpeakable goodneſs reveals.

8 O that all men would haſte,
To the ſpiritual feaſt,
At Jeſus's word
Do this, and be fed with the love of our Lord!

9 True Light of mankind,
Shine into their mind,
And clearly reveal
Thy perfect, and good, and acceptable will.

10 Bring near the glad day,
When all ſhall obey
Thy dying requeſt,
And eat of thy ſupper, and lean on thy breaſt.

11 To all men impart
One way and one heart,
Thy people be ſhown,
All righteous, and ſinleſs, and perfect in one.

12 Then, then let us ſee
Thy glory, and be
Caught up in the air,
This heavenly ſupper in heaven to ſhare.

III. *The* SACRAMENT *a Pledge of Heaven.*

HYMN XCIII.

1 COME let us join with one accord,
Who ſhare the ſupper of the Lord,
Our Lord and Maſter's praiſe to ſing,
Nouriſhed on earth with living bread,
We now are at his table fed,
But wait to ſee our heavenly king:
To ſee the great Inviſible
Without a ſacramental veil,
With all his robes of glory on,
In rapturous joy, and love, and praiſe,
Him to behold with open face,
High on his everlaſting throne!

2 The wine which doth his paſſion ſhew,
We ſoon with him ſhall drink it new
In yonder dazling courts above,
Admitted to the heavenly feaſt
We ſhall his choiceſt bleſſings taſte,
And banquet on his richeſt love.
We ſoon the midnight cry ſhall hear,
Ariſe, and meet the bridegroom near,
The marriage of the Lamb is come,
Attended by his heavenly friends,
The glorious king of ſaints deſcends
To take his bride in triumph home.

3 Then let us ſtill in hope rejoice,
And liſten for thé archangel's voice,
Loud echoing to the trump of God;
Haſte to the dreadful, joyful day,
When heaven and earth ſhall flee away,
By all-devouring flames deſtroyéd;
While we from out the burnings fly,
With eagle's wings mount up on high,
Where Jeſus is on Sion ſeen;
'Tis there he for our coming waits,
And lo, the everlaſting gates
Liſt up their heads to take us in!

4 By faith and hope already there,
Evén now the marriage-feaſt we ſhare,
Evén now we by the Lamb are fed,
Our Lord's celeſtial joy we prove,
Led by the Spirit of his love,
To ſprings of living comfort led:
Suffering, and curſe, and death are o'er,
And pain afflicts the ſoul no more,
While harbouréd in the Saviour's breaſt;
He quiets all our plaints and cries,
And wipes the ſorrow from our eyes,
And lulls us in his arms to reſt!

HYMN XCIV.

1 O What a ſoul-tranſporting feaſt
Doth this communion yield!
Remembring here thy paſſion paſt,
We with thy love are filléd.

2 Sure inſtrument of preſent grace
Thy ſacrament we find,
Yet higher bleſſings it diſplays,
And raptures ſtill behind.

3 It bears us now on eagles wings,
If thou the power impart,
And thee, our glorious earneſt brings
Into our faithful heart.

4 O let us ſtill the earneſt feel,
The unutterable peace,
This loving Spirit be the ſeal
Of our eternal bliſs!

HYMN XCV.

1 IN Jeſus we live, In Jeſus we reſt,
And thankful receive His dying bequeſt;
The cup of ſalvation His mercy beſtows,
And all from his paſſion Our happineſs flows.

2 With myſtical wine He comforts us here,
And gladly we join, Till Jeſus appear,
With hearty thankſgiving His death to record:
The living, the living Should ſing of their Lord.

3 He hallowéd the cup, Which now we receive,
The pledge of our hope With Jeſus to live,
(Where ſorrow and ſadneſs Shall never be found)
With glory and gladneſs Eternally crownéd.

4 The fruit of the vine (The joy it implies)
Again we ſhall join To drink in the ſkies,
Exult in his favour, Our triumph renew;
And I, ſaith the Saviour Will drink it with you.

HYMN XCVI.

1 HAPPY the ſouls to Jeſus joinéd,
And ſavéd by grace alone,
Walking in all thy ways we find
Our heaven on earth begun.

2 The

2 The church triumphant in thy love
Their mighty joys we know,
They ſing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praiſe,
And bow before thy throne,
We in the kingdom of thy grace,
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The Holy to the Holiéſt leads,
From hence our ſpirits riſe,
And he that in thy ſtatutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the ſkies.

HYMN XCVII.

1 THEE, King of ſaints, we praiſe,
For this our living bread,
Nouriſhéd by thy preſerving grace,
And at thy table fed:

Who in theſe lower parts
Of thy great kingdom feaſt,
We feel the earneſt in our hearts
Of our eternal reſt.

2 Yet ſtill an higher ſeat
We in thy kingdom claim,
Who here begin by faith to eat
The ſupper of the Lamb.

That glorious heavenly prize
We ſurely ſhall attain,
And in the palace of the ſkies
With thee for ever reign.

HYMN

HYMN XCVIII.

1 WHERE ſhall this memorial end?
Thither let our ſouls aſcend,
Live on earth to heaven reſtoréd,
Wait the coming of our Lord.

2 Jeſus terminates our hope,
Jeſus is our wiſhes' ſcope,
End of this great myſtery,
Him we fain would die to ſee.

3 He whom we remember here,
Chriſt ſhall in the clouds appear,
Manifeſt to every eye,
We ſhall ſoon behold him nigh.

4 Faith aſcends the mountain's height,
Now enjoys the pompous ſight,
Antedates the final doom,
Sees the Judge in glory come.

5 Lo, he comes triumphant down,
Seated on his great white throne!
Cherubs bear it on their wings,
Shouting bear the King of kings.

6 Lo, his glorious banner ſpread,
Stains the ſkies with deepeſt red,
Dyes the land, and fires the wood,
Turns the ocean into blood.

7 Gatheréd to the well-known ſign,
We our elder brethren join,
Swiftly to our Lord fly up,
Hail him on the mountain-top:

8 Take our happy ſeats above,
Banquet on his heavenly love,
Lean on our Redeemer's breaſt,
In his arms for ever reſt.

HYMN XCIX.

1 WHITHER ſhould our full ſouls aſpire
At this tranſporting feaſt?
They never can on earth be higher,
Or more completely bleſt.

2 Our cup of bleſſing from above,
Delightfully runs o'er,
Till from theſe bodies they remove,
Our ſouls can hold no more.

3 To heaven the myſtic banquet leads,
Let us to heaven aſcend,
And bear this joy upon our heads,
Till it in glory end:

4 Till all who truly join in this,
The marriage-ſupper ſhare,
Enter into their Maſter's bliſs,
And feaſt for ever there.

HYMN C.

1 RETURNING to his throne above,
The friend of ſinners cried,
Do this in mem'ry of my love:
He ſpoke the word, and died.

2 He taſted death for every one,
The Saviour of mankind
Out of our ſight to heaven is gone,
But left his pledge behind.

3 His

3 His ſacramental pledge we take,
Nor will we let it go;
Till in the clouds our Lord comes back,
We thus his death will ſhow.

4 Come quickly, Lord, for whom we mourn,
And comfort all that grieve,
Prepare the bride, and then return
And to thyſelf receive.

5 Now to thy gracious kingdom come,
(Thou haſt a token given)
And when thy arms receive us home,
Recal thy pledge in heaven.

HYMN CL.

1 HOW glorious is the life above
Which in this ordinance we taſte;
That fulneſs of celeſtial love,
That joy which ſhall for ever laſt!

2 That heavénly life in Chriſt concealéd,
Theſe earthen veſſels could not bear,
The part which now we find revealéd,
No tongue of angels can declare.

3 The light of life eternal darts
Into our ſouls a daz'ling ray,
A drop of heavén o'erflows our hearts,
And deluges the houſe of clay.

4 Sure pledge of extaſies unknown
Shall this divine communion be,
The ray ſhall riſe into a ſun,
The drop ſhall ſwell into a ſea.

HYMN CII.

1 O The length, and breadth, and height,
And depth of dying love!
Love that turns our faith to ſight,
And wafts to heaven above!
Pledge of our poſſeſſion this,
This which nature faints to bear;
Who ſhall then ſupport the bliſs,
The joy, the rapture there!

2 Fleſh and blood ſhall not receive
The vaſt inheritance;
God we cannot ſee, and live
The life of feeble ſenſe:
In our weakeſt nonage, here,
Up into our head we grow,
Saints before our Lord appear,
And ripe for heaven below.

3 We his image ſhall regain,
And to his ſtature riſe,
Riſe unto a perfect man,
And then aſcend the ſkies:
Find our happy manſions there,
Strong to bear the joys above,
All the glorious weight to bear,
Of everlaſting love.

HYMN CIII.

1 TAKE, and eat, the Saviour ſaith,
This my ſacred body is!
Him we take and eat by faith,
Feed upon that fleſh of his;

All

All the benefits receive,
Which his paſſion did procure,
Pardonéd by his grace we live,
Grace which makes ſalvation ſure.

2 Title to eternal bliſs,
Here his precious death we find,
This the pledge, the earneſt this
Of the purchaſéd joys behind:
Here he gives our ſouls a taſte,
Heaven into our hearts he pours,
Still believe, and hold him faſt,
God, and Chriſt, and all is ours!

HYMN CIV.

1 RETURNING to his Father's throne,
Hear all the interceding Son,
And join in that eternal prayér:
He prays that we with him may reign,
And he that did the kingdom gain
For us, ſhall ſoon conduct us there.

2 "I will that thoſe thou givéſt to me
May all my heavenly glory ſee,
But firſt be perfected in one."
Amen, amen, our heart replies,
Prepare and take us to the ſkies,
Thy prayer be heard, thy will be done!

HYMN CV.

1 LIFT up your eyes of faith, and ſee
Saints and angels joinéd in one,
What a countleſs company
Stands before yon daz'ling throne!

Each before his Saviour ſtands,
All in milk-white robes arrayéd,
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.

2 Saints begin the endleſs ſong,
Cry aloud in heavénly lays,
Glory doth to God belong,
God the glorious Saviour praiſe:
All from him ſalvation came,
Him who reigns enthronéd on high;
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
Let the morning ſtars reply.

3 Angel-powers the throne ſurround,
Next the ſaints in glory they,
Lulléd with the tranſporting ſound,
They their ſilent homage pay;
Proſtrate on their face before
God and his Meſſiah fall,
Then in hymns of praiſe adore,
Shout the Lamb that died for all.

4 Be it ſo, they all reply,
Him let all our orders praiſe,
Him that did for ſinners die,
Saviour of the favouréd race:
Render we our God his right,
Glory, wiſdom, thanks, and power,
Honour, majeſty, and might,
Praiſe him, praiſe him evermore!

HYMN CVI.

1 WHAT are theſe arrayéd in white,
Brighter than the noon-day ſun,
Foremeſt of the ſons of light,
Neareſt the eternal throne?

Theſe

These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood,
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the dying God,

2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below,
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night,
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er,
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more;
No excessive heat they feel
From the sun's directer ray,
In a milder clime they dwell,
Region of eternal day!

4 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed,
With the tree of life sustain
To the living fountain lead:
He shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

HYMN CVII.

1 ALL hail, thou suffering Son of God,
Who didst these mysteries ordain,
Communion of thy flesh and blood,
Sure instruments thy grace to gain,

Type of the heavénly marriage-feaſt,
Pledge of our everlaſting reſt.

2 Jeſu, thy own with pity ſee,
Our helpleſs unbelief remove,
Impower us to remember thee,
Give us the faith that works by love,
The faith which thou haſt givén, increaſe,
And ſeal us up in glorious peace.

HYMN CVIII.

1 AH give us, Saviour, to partake
The ſufferings which this emblem ſhows,
Thy fleſh our food immortal make,
Thy blood which in this channel flows,
In all its benefits impart,
And ſanctify our ſprinkled heart.

2 For all that joy which now we taſte,
Our happy hallowéd ſouls prepare,
O let us hold the earneſt faſt,
This pledge that we thy heaven ſhall ſhare,
Shall drink it new with thee above,
The wine of thy eternal love.

HYMN CIX.

1 LORD, thou knowéſt my ſimpleneſs,
All my groans are heard by thee,
See me hungring after grace,
Gaſping at thy table ſee,
One who would in thee believe,
Would with joy the crumbs receive.

2 Look

2 Look as when thy closing eye
Saw the thief beside the cross:
Thou art now gone upon high,
Undertake my desperate cause,
In thy heavenly kingdom thou
Be the friend of sinners now.

3 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Send a peaceful answer down,
Let the bowels of thy love
Echo to a sinner's groan,
One who feebly thinks on thee,
Thou for good remember me.

HYMN CX.

1 JESU on thee we feed
Along the desart way,
Thou art the living bread,
Which doth our spirits stay,
And all who in this banquet join,
Lean on the staff of life divine.

2 While to thy upper courts
We take our joyful flight,
Thy blessed cross supports
Each feeble Israelite,
Like hoary dying Jacob, we
Lean on our staff, and worship thee.

3 O may we still abide
In thee our pardoning God,
Thy spirit be our guide,
Thy body be our food,
Till thou who hast the token given
Shalt bear us on thyself to heaven.

HYMN CXI.

1 AND can we call to mind
The Lamb for ſinners ſlain,
And not expect to find
What he for us did gain,
What God to us in him hath given,
Pardon, and holineſs, and heaven?

2 We now forgiveneſs have,
We feel his work begun,
And he ſhall fully ſave,
And perfect us in one,
Shall ſoon in all his image dreſt,
Receive us to the marriage-feaſt.

3 This token of thy love
We thankfully receive,
And hence with joy remove
With thee in heaven to live,
There, Lord, we ſhall thy pledge reſtore,
And live to praiſe thee evermore.

HYMN CXII.

1 ETERNAL Spirit gone up on high,
Bleſſings for mortals to receive,
Send down thoſe bleſſings from the ſky,
To us thy gifts and graces give;
With holy things our mouths are filled,
O let our hearts with joy o'erflow;
Deſcend in pardoning love revealed,
And meet us in thy courts below.

2 Thy ſacrifice without the gate
Once offeréd up we call to mind,
And humbly at thy altar wait
Our intereſt in thy death to find:
We thirſt to drink thy precious blood,
We languiſh in thy wounds to reſt,
And hunger for immortal food,
And long on all thy love to feaſt.

3 O that we now thy fleſh may eat,
Its virtue really receive,
Impoweréd by this immortal meat
The life of holineſs to live:
Partakers of thy ſacrifice,
O may we all thy nature ſhare,
Till to the holiéſt place we riſe,
And keep the feaſt for ever there.

HYMN CXIII.

1 GIVE us, O Lord, the children's bread,
By miniſterial angels fed,
(The angels of thy church below)
Nouriſh us with preſerving grace
Our forty years, or forty days,
And lead us through the vale of woe.

2 Strengthenéd by this immortal food,
O let us reach the mount of God,
And face to face our Saviour ſee:
In ſongs of praiſe, and love, and joy,
With all thy firſt-born ſons employ
An happy, whole eternity.

HYMN CXIV.

1 SEE there the quickening cauſe of all
Who live the life of grace beneath!
God cauſéd on him the ſleep to fall,
And lo, his eyes are cloſéd in death!

2 He ſleeps; and from his openéd ſide
The mingled blood and water flow;
They both give being to his bride,
And waſh his church as white as ſnow.

3 True principles of life divine,
Iſſues from theſe the ſecond *Eve*,
Mother of all the faithful line,
Of all that by his paſſion live.

4 O what a miracle of love
Hath he our heavénly *Adam* ſhewéd!
Jeſus forſook his throne above,
That we might all be born of God.

5 'Twas not an uſeleſs rib he loſt,
His heart's laſt drop of blood he gave,
His life, his precious life it coſt,
Our dearly ranſoméd ſouls to ſave.

6 And will he not his purchaſe take,
Who died to make us all his own?
One ſpirit with himſelf to make,
Fleſh of his fleſh, bone of his bone?

7 He will, our hearts reply, he will!
He hath evén here a token given,
And bids us meet him on the hill,
And keep the marriage-feaſt in heaven.

HYMN

HYMN CXV.

1 O Glorious inſtrument divine,
Which bleſſings to our ſouls conveys,
Brings with the hallowed bread and wine
His ſtrengthening and refreſhing grace,
Preſents his bleeding ſacrifice,
His all-reviving death applies!

2 Glory to God who reigns above,
But ſuffered once for man below,
With joy we celebrate his love,
And thus his precious paſſion ſhow,
Till in the clouds our Lord we ſee,
And ſhout with all his ſaints—'TIS HE!

IV. *The* HOLY EUCHARIST *as it implies a Sacrifice.*

HYMN CXVI.

1 VICTIM divine, thy grace we claim,
While thus thy precious death we ſhow,
Once offeréd up a ſpotleſs Lamb,
In thy great temple here below,
Thou didſt for all mankind atone,
And ſtandeſt now before the throne.

2 Thou ſtandeſt in the holieſt place,
As now for guilty ſinners ſlain,
Thy blood of ſprinkling ſpeaks, and prays
All-prevalent for helpleſs man;
Thy blood is ſtill our ranſom found,
And ſpeaks ſalvation all around,

3 The ſmoke of thy atonement here
Darkenéd the ſun, and rent the veil,
Made the new way to heaven appear,
And ſhewéd the great Inviſible:
Well pleaſéd in thee our God lookéd down,
And calléd his rebels to a crown,

4 He ſtill reſpects thy ſacrifice,
Its ſavour ſweet doth always pleaſe,
The offering ſmokes through earth and ſkies,
Diffuſing life, and joy, and peace:
To theſe thy lower courts it comes,
And fills them with divine perfumes.

5 We

5 We need not now go up to heaven
To bring the long-ſought Saviour down,
Thou art to all already given,
Thou doſt e'en now thy banquet crown:
To every faithful ſoul appear,
And ſhew thy real preſence there.

HYMN CXVII.

1 THOU Lamb that ſufferéſt on the tree,
And in this dreadful myſtery
Still offeréſt up thyſelf to God,
We caſt us on thy ſacrifice,
Wrapt in the ſacred ſmoke ariſe,
And coveréd with thé atoning blood.

Thy death preſented in our ſtead,
Enters us now among the dead,
Parts of thy myſtic body here,
By thy divine oblation raiſéd,
And on our Aaron's ephod placéd,
We now with thee in heaven appear.

2 Thy death exalts thy ranſoméd ones,
And ſets us 'midſt the precious ſtones,
Cloſeſt thy dear, thy loving breaſt:
Iſrael as on thy ſhoulders ſtands;
Our names are graven on the hands,
The heart of our eternal prieſt.

For us he ever interceeds,
His heaven-deſerving paſſion pleads,
Preſenting us before the throne;
We want no ſacrifice beſide,
By that great offering ſanctifiéd,
One with our head, for ever one.

HYMN CXVIII.

1 LIVE, our eternal Prieſt,
By men and angels bleſt!
Jeſus Chriſt, the Crucified,
He who did for all atone,
From the croſs where once he died,
Now he up to heaven is gone.

2 He ever lives, and prays
For all the faithful race;
In the holieſt place above,
Sinners' advocate he ſtands,
Pleads for us his dying love,
Shews for us his bleeding hands.

3 His body torn and rent,
He doth to God preſent;
In that dear memorial ſhows
Iſrael's choſen tribes impreſt:
All our names the Father knows,
Reads them on our Aaron's breaſt.

4 He reads while we beneath
Preſent our Saviour's death,
Do as Jeſus bids us do,
Signify his fleſh and blood,
Him in a memorial ſhow,
Offer up the Lamb to God.

5 From this thrice hallowed ſhade,
Which Jeſu's croſs hath made,
Image of his ſacrifice,
Never, never will we move,
Till with all his ſaints we riſe,
Riſe, and take our place above.

HYMN CXIX.

1 FATHER, God, who ſeeſt in me
Only ſin and miſery,
See thine own anointed one,
Look on thy beloved Son.

2 Turn from me thy gracious eyes
To that bloody ſacrifice,
To the full atonement made,
To the utmoſt ranſom paid:

3 To the blood that ſpeaks above,
Calls for thy forgiving love:
To the tokens of his death
Here exhibited beneath.

4 Hear his blood's prevailing cry,
Let thy bowels then reply,
Then through him the ſinner ſee,
Then in Jeſus look on me.

HYMN CXX.

1 FATHER, ſee the victim ſlain,
Jeſus Chriſt, the juſt, the good,
Offered up for guilty man,
Pouring out his precious blood;
Him, and then the ſinner ſee,
Look through Jeſu's wounds on me.

2 Me, the ſinner moſt diſtreſt,
Moſt afflicted and forlorn;
Stranger to a moment's reſt,
Ruing that I e'er was born.

Pierced with ſin's invenomed dart,
Dying of a broken heart.

3 Dying, whom thy hands have made
All thy bleſſings to receive;
Dying, whom thy love hath ſtayed,
Whom thy pity would have live,
Dying at my Saviour's ſide,
Dying for whom Chriſt hath died.

4 Can it, Father, can it be?
What doth Jeſu's blood reply?
If it doth not plead for me,
Let my ſoul for ever die;
But if mine through him thou art,
Speak the pardon to my heart.

HYMN CXXI.

1 FATHER, behold thy favourite Son,
The glorious partner of thy throne,
For ever placed at thy right hand,
O look on thy Meſſiah's face,
And ſeal the covenant of thy grace,
To us who in thy Jeſus ſtand.

To us thou haſt redemption ſent;
And we again to thee preſent
The blood that ſpeaks our ſins forgiven,
That ſprinkles all the nations round;
And now thou hearеſt the ſolemn ſound
Loud-echoing through the courts of heaven.

2 The croſs on Calvary he bore,
He ſuffered once to die no more,
But left a ſacred pledge behind;

See

See here!—It on thy altar lies,
Memorial of the ſacrifice
He offeréd once for all mankind.

Father, the grand oblation ſee,
The death as preſent now with thee,
As when he gaſpéd on earth—*Forgive!*
Anſwer, and ſhew the curſe removéd,
Accept us in the well-belovéd,
And bid thy world of rebels live.

HYMN CXXII.

1 FATHER, let the ſinner go,
The Lamb did once atone,
Lo, we to Juſtice ſhow
The paſſion of thy Son;
Thus to thee we ſet it forth:
He the dying precept gave,
He who hath ſufficient worth
A thouſand worlds to ſave.

2 Can thy Juſtice ought reply
To our prevailing plea?
Jeſus died thy grace to buy
For all mankind and me;
Still before thy righteous throne
Stands the Lamb as newly ſlain:
Canſt thou turn away thy Son,
Or let him bleed in vain?

3 Still the wounds are open wide,
The blood doth freely flow,
As when firſt his ſacred ſide
Receivéd the deadly blow:

Still, O God, the blood is warm,
Covered with the blood we are;
Find a part it doth not arm,
And ſtrike the ſinner there!

HYMN CXXIII.

1 O Thou whoſe offering on the tree,
The legal offerings all foreſhewed,
Borrowed their whole effects from thee,
And drew their virtue from thy blood;
The blood of goats and bullocks ſlain,
Could never for one ſin atone:
To purge the guilty offerer's ſtain
Thine was the work, and thine alone.

2 Vain in themſelves their duties were;
Their ſervices could never pleaſe,
Till joined with thine, and made to ſhare
The merits of thy righteouſneſs:
Forward they caſt a faithful look,
On thy approaching ſacrifice,
And thence their pleaſing Saviour took,
And roſe accepted in the ſkies.

3 Thoſe feeble types and ſhadows old,
Are all in thee the Truth fulfilled,
And through this ſacrament we hold
The ſubſtance in our hearts revealed;
By faith we ſee thy ſufferings paſt
In this myſterious rite brought back,
And on thy grand oblation caſt,
Its ſaving benefit partake.

4 Memorial of thy ſacrifice,
This euchariſtic myſtery
The full atoning grace ſupplies,
And ſanctifies our gifts in thee;

Our

Our perſons and performance pleaſe,
While God in thee looks down from heaven,
Our acceptable ſervice ſees,
And whiſpers all our ſins forgiven.

HYMN CXXIV.

1 ALL hail, Redeemer of mankind!
Thy life on Calvary reſigned
Did fully once for all atone,
Thy blood hath paid our utmoſt price,
Thine all ſufficient ſacrifice
Remains eternally alone:

Angels and men might ſtrive in vain,
They could not add the ſmalleſt grain
To' augment thy death's atoning power;
Thy ſacrifice is all complete,
The death thou never canſt repeat,
Once offered up to die no more.

2 Yet may we celebrate below,
And daily thus thine offering ſhow,
Expoſed before thy Father's eyes!
In this tremendous myſtery
Preſent thee bleeding on the tree,
Our everlaſting ſacrifice:

Father, behold thy dying Son!
Even now he lays our ranſom down,
Even now declares our ſins forgiven:
His fleſh is rent, the living way
Is opened to eternal day,
And lo, through him we paſs to heaven!

HYMN CXXV.

1 O God of our forefathers hear,
And make thy faithful mercies known
To thee, through Jeſus, we draw near,
Thy ſuffering, well-beloved Son,
In whom thy ſmiling face we ſee,
In whom thou art well-pleaſéd with me.

2 With ſolemn faith we offer up,
And ſpread before thy glorious eyes
That only ground of all our hope,
That precious, bleeding ſacrifice,
Which brings thy grace on ſinners down,
And perfects all our ſouls in one.

3 Acceptance through his only name,
Forgiveneſs in his blood we have:
But more abundant life we claim
Through him who died our ſouls to ſave,
To ſanctify us by his blood,
And fill with all the life of God.

4 Father, behold thy dying Son,
And hear his blood that ſpeaks above,
On us let all thy grace be ſhown,
Peace, righteouſneſs, and joy, and love,
Thy kingdom come to every heart,
And all thou haſt, and all thou art.

HYMN CXXVI.

1 FATHER, to Him we turn our face,
Who did for all atone.
And worſhip toward thy holy place,
And ſeek thee in thy Son.

2 Him the true ark and mercy-ſeat
By faith we call to mind,
Faith in the blood atoning yet
For us and all mankind.

3 To thee his paſſion we preſent
Who for our ranſom dies,
We reach by this great inſtrument
The eternal ſacrifice.

4 The Lamb as crucifiéd afreſh,
Is here held out to men,
The tokens of his blood and fleſh
Are on his table ſeen.

5 The Lamb his Father now ſurveys,
As on this altar ſlain,
Still bleeding and imploring grace
For every ſoul of man.

6 Father, for us, evén us he bleeds,
The ſacrifice receive,
Forgive, for Jeſus intercedes,
He gaſps in death——*Forgive!*

HYMN CXXVII.

1 DID thine ancient Iſrael go
With ſolemn praiſe and prayer
To thy hallowéd courts below,
To meet and ſerve thee there?
To thy body, Lord, we flee;
This the conſecrated ſhrine;
Temple of the Deity,
The real houſe divine.

2 Did

2 Did they toward the altar turn
Their hopes, and heart, and face,
Whence the victim's blood was borne
Into the holiéſt place?
Toward the croſs we ſtill look up,
Toward the Lamb for ſinners given,
Through thine only death we hope
To find our way to heaven.

V. *Concerning the Sacrifice of our Perſons.*

HYMN CXXVIII.

1 ALL hail, thou mighty to atone!
To expiate ſin is thine alone,
Thou haſt alone the wine-preſs trod,
Thou only haſt for ſinners died,
By one oblation ſatisfiéd
Thé inexorably righteous God.

Should the whole church in flames ariſe,
Offeréd as one burnt ſacrifice,
The ſinner's ſmalléſt debt to pay,
They could not, Lord, their honour ſhare,
With thee the Father's juſtice bear,
Or bear one ſingle ſin away.

2 Thyſelf our utmoſt price haſt paid,
Thou haſt for all atonement made,
For all the ſins of all mankind;
God doth in thee redemption give:
But how ſhall we the grace receive,
But how ſhall we the bleſſing find?

We only can accept the grace,
And humbly our Redeemer praiſe
Who bought the glorious liberty:
The life thou didſt for all procure,
We make by our believing ſure
To us who live and die to thee.

3 While faith the atoning blood applies,
Ourſelves a living ſacrifice
We freely offer up to God:
And none but thoſe his glory ſhare
Who crucified with Jeſus are,
And follow where their Saviour trod.

Saviour, to thee our lives we give,
Our meaneſt ſacrifice receive,
And to thy own oblation join,
Our ſuffering and triumphant head,
Through all thy ſtates thy members lead,
And ſeat us on the throne divine.

HYMN CXXIX.

1 SEE where our great High-Prieſt
Before the Lord appears,
And on his loving breaſt
The tribes of Iſrael bears,
Never without his people ſeen,
The head of all believing men!

2 With him the corner ſtone,
The living ſtones conjoin,
Chriſt and his church are one,
One body and one vine;
For us he uſes all his powers,
And all he has, or is, is ours.

3 The motions of our head
The members all purſue,
By his good Spirit led
To act and ſuffer too;
Whate'er he did on earth ſuſtain,
Till glorious all like him we reign.

HYMN

HYMN CXXX.

1 JESU, we follow thee,
In all thy footſteps tread,
And pant for full conformity
To our exalted head:

We would, we would partake
Thy every ſtate below,
And ſuffer all things for thy ſake,
And to thy glory go.

2 We in thy birth are born,
Suſtain thy grief and loſs,
Share in thy want, and ſhame, and ſcorn,
And die upon thy croſs.

Baptizéd into thy death,
We ſink into thy grave,
Till thou the quickning ſpirit breathe,
And to the utmoſt ſave.

3 Thou ſaidſt, "Where'er I am,
There ſhall my ſervants be;"
Maſter, the welcome word we claim,
And die to live with thee.

To us who ſhare thy pain,
Thy joy ſhall ſoon be given,
And we ſhall in thy glory reign,
For thou art now in heaven.

HYMN CXXXI.

1 WOULD the Saviour of mankind
Without his people die?
No, to him we all are joinéd
As more than ſtanders by.

Freely

Freely as the victim came
To the altar of his croſs,
We attend the ſlaughteréd Lamb,
And ſuffer for his cauſe.

2 Him evén now by faith we ſee:
Before our eyes he ſtands!
On the ſufféring Deity
We lay our trembling hands;
Lay our ſins upon his head,
Wait on the dread ſacrifice,
Feel the lovely victim bleed,
And die while Jeſus dies!

3 Sinners, ſee, he dies for all,
And feel his mortal wound;
Proſtrate on your faces fall,
And kiſs the hallowéd ground;
Hallowéd by the ſtreaming blood,
Blood, whoſe virtue all may know,
Sharers with the dying God,
And crucifiéd below.

4 Sprinkled with the blood we lie,
And bleſs its cleanſing power,
Crying in the Spirit's cry,
Our Saviour we adore!
Jeſu, Lord, whoſe croſs we bear,
Let thy death our ſins deſtroy,
Make us who thy ſorrow ſhare,
Partakers of thy joy.

HYMN CXXXII.

1 LET heaven and earth proclaim
Our common Saviour's name,
Offeréd by himſelf to God
In his temple here beneath,
Him who ſhed for All his blood,
Him for All who taſted death.

2 By faith, evén now we ſee
The ſuffering Deity,
At the head of whole mankind.
Lo! he comes for all to die,
Not a ſoul is left behind
Whom he did not love and buy.

3 Firſt-born of many ſons
His blood for us atones,
Saves us from the mortal pain,
If we by his croſs abide,
If we in the houſe remain
Where our elder Brother dièd.

HYMN CXXXIII.

1 O Thou, who haſt our ſorrows took,
Who all our ſins didſt ſingly bear,
To thy dear bloody croſs we look,
We caſt us on thy offering there;
For pardon on thy death rely,
For grace and ſtrength to reach the ſky.

2 We look on thee our dying Lamb,
On thee whom we have piercéd, and mourn,
Partakers of thy grief and ſhame:
Thy anguiſh hath our boſoms torn,

For us thou didſt thy life reſign;
Was ever love or grief like thine!

3 O what a killing thought is this,
A ſword to pierce the faithful heart!
Our ſins have ſlain the Prince of Peace,
Our ſins, which cauſéd his mortal ſmart;
With him we vow to crucify—
Our ſins, which murderéd God ſhall die!

4 By faith we nail them to the tree,
Till not one breath of life remain,
But what we can preſent to thee,
(To thee whoſe blood hath purgéd our ſtain)
Conjoinéd to thy great ſacrifice,
Well-pleaſing in thy Father's eyes.

5 The ſavéd and Saviour now agree
In cloſeſt fellowſhip combinéd,
We grieve, and die, and live with Thee,
To thy great Father's Will reſignéd;
And God doth all thy members own,
One with thyſelf, for ever one.

HYMN CXXXIV.

1 JESU, we know that thou haſt diéd,
And ſhare the death we ſhow,
If the firſt fruits be ſanctifiéd,
The lump is holy too.

2 The ſheaf was wavéd before the Lord,
When Jeſus bowéd his head,
And we who thus his death record
One with himſelf are made.

3 The

3 The ſheaf and harveſt is but one
Accepted ſacrifice,
And we who have thy ſufférings known
Shall in thy life ariſe.

4 Still all-involvéd in God we are,
And offeréd with the Lamb,
Till all in heavén with Chriſt appear,
Eternally the ſame.

HYMN CXXXV.

1 AMAZING love to mortals ſhewéd!
The ſinleſs body of our God
Was faſtenéd to the tree;
And ſhall our ſinful members live?
No, Lord, they ſhall not thee ſurvive,
They all ſhall die with thee.

2 The feet which did to evil run,
The hands which violent acts have done,
The greedy heart and eyes,
Baſe weapons of iniquity,
We offer up to death with thee
A whole burnt-ſacrifice.

3 Our ſins are on thine altar laid,
We do not for their being plead,
Or circumſcribe thy power:
Bound on thy croſs thou ſeeſt them lie:
Let all this curſed Adam die,
Die, and revive no more.

4 Root out the ſeeds of pride and luſt,
That each may of thy paſſion boaſt,
Which doth the freedom give:
" The world to me is crucifiéd,
And I who on his Croſs have diéd
To God for ever live."

HYMN CXXXVI.

1 O Thou holy Lamb divine,
How canſt thou and ſinners join?
God of ſpotleſs purity,
How ſhall men concur with Thee?

2 Offer up one ſacrifice
Acceptable to the ſkies?
What ſhall wretched ſinners bring
Pleaſing to the glorious King?

3 Only ſin we call our own,
But thou art the darling Son:
Thine it is our God to appeaſe,
Him thou doſt for ever pleaſe.

4 We on Thee alone depend,
With thy ſacrifice aſcend,
Render what thy grace hath given,
Liſt our ſouls with thee to heaven.

HYMN CXXXVII.

1 YE royal Prieſts of Jeſus, riſe,
And join the daily ſacrifice,
Join all Believers in his name
To offer up the ſpotleſs Lamb.

2 Your meat and your drink offerings throw
On him who ſuffered once below,
But ever lives with God above,
To plead for us his dying love.

3 Whate'er we caſt on him alone,
Is with his great oblation one,
His ſacrifice doth ours' ſuſtain,
And favour and acceptance gain.

4 On

4 On Him, who all our burdens bears,
We caſt our praiſes and our prayers;
Ourſelves we offer up to God,
Implungéd in his atoning blood.

5 Mean are our nobleſt offerings,
Poor, feeble, unſubſtantial things;
But when to him our ſouls we lift,
The altar ſanctifies the gift.

6 Our perſons and our deeds aſpire
When caſt into that hallowéd fire,
Our moſt imperfect efforts pleaſe,
When joinéd to Chriſt our righteouſneſs.

7 Mixt with the ſacred ſmoke we riſe,
The ſmoke of his burnt-ſacrifice,
By the eternal Spirit driven
From earth, in Chriſt we mount to heaven.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

1 ALL praiſe to the Lord, All praiſe is his due,
To-day is his word Of promiſe found true:
We, we are the nations, Preſented to God,
Well-pleaſing oblations Through Jeſus's blood.

2 Poor heathens from far To Jeſus we came,
And offeréd we are To God through his name,
To God through the Spirit, Ourſelves do we give,
And ſavéd by the merit Of Jeſus we live.

HYMN CXXXIX.

1 GOD of all-redeeming grace,
By thy pardoning love compelléd,
Up to thee our ſouls we raiſe,
Up to thee our bodies yield.

2 Thou our ſacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son,
While to Thee alone we live,
While we die to Thee alone.

3 Juſt it is, and good, and right,
That we ſhould be wholly thine,
In thy only will delight,
In thy bleſſed ſervice join.

4 O that every thought and word
Might proclaim how good thou art,
Holineſs unto the Lord,
Still be written on our heart.

HYMN CXL.

1 HE dies, as now for us he dies,
That all-ſufficient ſacrifice
Subſiſts, eternal as the Lamb,
In every time and place the ſame;
To all alike it co-extends,
Its ſaving virtue never ends.

2 He lives for us to intercede,
For us he doth this moment plead,
And all who could not ſee him die
May now with Faith's interior eye
Behold him ſtand as ſlaughtered there,
And feel the anſwer to his prayer.

3 While now for us the Saviour prays,
Father, we humbly ſue for grace,
Poor, helpleſs, dying victims we,
Laden with ſin and miſery,
His infinite atonement plead,
Ourſelves preſenting with our Head.

4 Aſſured

4 Aſſuréd we ſhall acceptance find,
To Jeſus in oblation joinéd,
Where'er the ſcatteréd members look,
To him who all our ſorrows took,
The ſaving efflux we receive,
And quickenéd by his paſſion live.

HYMN CXLI.

1 HAPPY the ſouls that followéd thee,
Lamenting, to thé accurſed wood,
Happy, who underneath the tree
Unmoveable in ſorrow ſtood.

2 When nature felt the deadly blow
By which thy ſoul to God was driven,
Which ſhook with ſympathetic woe,
Temple, and graves, and earth and heaven.

3 O what a time for offering up
Their ſouls upon thy ſacrifice!
Who would not with thy burden ſtoop,
And bow the head when Jeſus dies?

4 Not all the days before or ſince
An hour ſo ſolemn could afford,
For ſuffériug with our bleeding Prince,
For dying with our ſlaughteréd Lord.

5 Yet in this ordinance divine
We ſtill the ſacred load may bear;
And now we in thy offéring join,
Thy ſacramental paſſion ſhare.

6 We caſt our ſins into that fire
Which did thy ſacrifice conſume,
And evéry baſe and vain deſire
To daily crucifixion doom.

7 Thou

7 Thou art with all thy members here,
In this tremendous myſtery
We jointly before God appear
To offer up ourſelves with thee.

8 True followers of our bleeding Lamb,
Now on thy daily croſs we die,
And mingled in a common flame
Aſcend triumphant to the ſky.

HYMN CXLII.

1 COME, we that record
The death of our Lord,
The death let us bear,
By faithful remembrance his ſacrifice ſhare.

2 Shall we let our God groan
And ſuffer alone,
Or to *Calvary* fly,
And nobly reſolve with our Maſter to die?

3 His ſervants ſhall be
With him on the tree,
Where Jeſus was ſlain,
His crucified ſervants ſhall always remain.

4 By the croſs we abide
Where Jeſus hath died,
To all we are dead,
The members can never outlive their own head.

5 Poor penitents, we
Expect not to ſee
His glory above,
Till firſt we have drank of the cup of his love:

6 Till firſt we partake
The croſs for his ſake,
And thankfully own
The cup of his love and his ſorrow are one.

7 Conformèd to his death,
If we ſuffer beneath,
With him we ſhall know
The powér of his firſt reſurrection below.

8 If his death we receive,
His life we ſhall live;
If his croſs we ſuſtain,
His joy and his crown we in heaven ſhall gain.

HYMN CXLIII.

1 FATHER, behold I come to do
Thy will; I come to ſuffer too
Thy acceptable will:
Do with me, Lord, as ſeems thee good,
Diſpoſe of this weak fleſh and blood,
And all thy mind fulfil.

2 Thy creature in thy hands I am,
Frail duſt and aſhes is my name;
Thy earthen veſſel uſe,
Mould as thou wilt the paſſive clay,
But let me all thy will obey,
And all thy pleaſure chuſe.

3 Welcome, whate'er my God ordain!
Afflict with poverty or pain
This feeble fleſh of mine,
(But grant me ſtrength to bear my load)
I will not murmur at thy rod,
Or for relief repine.

4 My ſpirit wound (but oh! be near)
With what far more than death I fear,
The darts of keeneſt ſhame,
Fulfilléd with more than killing ſmart,
And wounded in the tendéreſt part
I ſtill adore thy name.

5 Beneath thy bruiſing hand I fall,
Whate'er thou ſendéſt, I take it all,
Reproach, or pain, or loſs;
I will not for delivérance pray,
But humbly unto death obey,
The death of Jeſu's croſs.

HYMN CXLIV.

1 LET both *Jews* and *Gentiles* join,
Friends and enemies combine,
Vent their utmoſt rage on me,
Still I look through all to thee.

2 Humbly own it is the Lord!
Let him wave o'er me his ſword:
Lo, I bow me to thy will;
Thou thy whole deſign fulfil.

3 Stricken by thine anger's rod,
Dumb I fall before my God;
Or my dear Chaſtiſer bleſs,
Sing the paſchal pſalm of praiſe.

4 While the bitter herbs I eat,
Him I for my foes intreat;
Let me die, but O! forgive,
Let my pardonéd murdérers live.

HYMN

HYMN CXLV.

1 FATHER, into thy hands alone
I have my all reſtoréd,
My all thy property I own,
The ſteward of the Lord.

2 Hereafter none can take away
My life, or goods, or fame,
Ready at thy demand to lay
Them down I always am.

3 Confiding in thy only love,
Through him who diéd for me,
I wait thy faithfulneſs to prove,
And give back all to thee.

4 Take when thou wilt into thy hands,
And as thou wilt require;
Reſume by the *Sabean* bands,
Or the devouring fire.

5 Determinéd all thy will to' obey,
Thy bleſſing I reſtore;
Give, Lord, or take thy gifts away,
I praiſe thee evermore.

HYMN CXLVI.

1 FATHER, if thou willing be,
Then my griefs awhile ſuſpend
Then remove the cup from me,
Or thy ſtrengthéning angel ſend;
Wouldéſt thou have me ſuffer on?
Father, let thy will be done.

2 Let my flesh be troubléd still,
Filléd with pain or sore disease,
Let my wounded spirit feel
Strong, redoubléd agonies;
Meekly I my will resign,
Thine be done, and only thine.

3 Patient as my great High-Priest
In his bitterness of pain,
Most abandonéd and distrest,
Father, I the cross sustain;
All into thy hands I give,
Let me die or let me live.

4 Following where my Lord hath led,
Thee I on the cross adore,
Humbly bow like him my head,
All thy benefits restore,
Till my spirit I resign,
Breathéd into the hands divine.

HYMN CXLVII.

1 JESU, to thee in faith we look,
O that our services might raise
Perfumed and mingled with the smoke
Of thy sweet-smelling sacrifice.

2 Thy sacrifice with heavenly powers
Replete, all holy, all divine,
Human, and weak, and sinful ours:
How can the two oblations join?

3 Thy offering doth to ours impart
Its righteousness and saving grace,
While charged with all our sins thou art,
To death devoted in our place.

4 Our

4 Our mean, imperfect ſacrifice,
On thine is as a burthen thrown,
Both in a common flame ariſe,
And both in God's account are one.

HYMN CXLVIII.

1 FATHER of mercies, hear,
Through thine atoning Son,
Who doth for us in heaven appear,
And prays before thy throne;

2 By that great ſacrifice
Which he for us doth plead,
Into our Saviour's death baptize,
And make us like our Head.

3 Into the fellowſhip
Of Jeſu's ſufferings take,
Us who deſire with him to ſleep,
That we with him may wake.

4 Plant us into his death,
That we his life may prove,
Partakers of his croſs beneath
And of his crown above.

HYMN CXLIX.

1 JESU, my ſtrength and hope,
My righteouſneſs and power,
My ſoul is lifted up
Thy mercy to implore;
My hands I ſtill ſtretch out to Thee,
My hands I faſten to the Tree.

2 No more may they offend,
But do thy work below;

Thou knowéſt I fain would ſpend
My life thy praiſe to ſhow;
Nor will thy gracious love deſpiſe
A ſinner's meaneſt ſacrifice.

3 Thy wounds have wounded me,
Thy bloody croſs ſubdued,
I feel my miſery,
And ever gaſp for God;
My prayers and griefs and groans I join,
And mingle all my pangs with thine.

4 Jeſu, a ſoul receive,
Upon thine altar caſt,
To die with thee and live
When all my deaths are paſt;
To live where grief can never riſe,
And reign with thee above the ſkies.

HYMN CL.

1 FATHER, on us the Spirit beſtow,
Through which thine everlaſting Son
Offered himſelf for man below,
That we, even we, before thy throne
Our ſouls and bodies may preſent,
And pay thee all thy Grace hath lent.

2 O let thy Spirit ſanctify
Whate'er to thee we now reſtore,
And make us with thy will comply,
With all our mind, and ſoul, and power,
Obey thee as thy ſaints above
In perfect innocence and love.

HYMN CLI.

1 COME thou Spirit of contrition,
Fill our ſouls with tender fears,
Conſcious of our loſt condition,
Melt us into gracious tears;
Juſt and holy deteſtation
Of our boſom ſins impart,
Sins that cauſéd our Saviour's paſſion,
Sins that ſtabbéd him to the heart.

2 Fill our fleſh with killing anguiſh,
All our members crucify,
Let the offending nature languiſh
Till on Jeſu's croſs it die;
All our ſins to death deliver,
Let not one, not one ſurvive;
Then we live to God for ever,
Then in heaven on earth we live.

HYMN CLII.

1 ARM of the Lord, whoſe vengeance laid
My ſins upon my Saviour's head,
In mercy now the ſinner ſee,
And oh! deſtroy them all in me.

2 Accept, all-gracious as thou art,
Accept a mournful ſinner's heart,
Who pour my tears before my God
As a poor victim does its blood.

3 My feeble ſoul would fain aſpire,
Its zeal, and thoughts, and whole deſire
Lift up to thee through Jeſu's name,
As a burnt ſacrifice its flame.

4 And ſince it cannot pleaſe alone,
Accept it, Father, through thy Son;
Supported by his ſacrifice,
Oh may it from his altar riſe.

5 Cloathéd in his righteouſneſs receive,
And bid me one with Jeſus live,
Join all he ſanctifies in one,
One croſs, one glory, and one crown.

HYMN CLIII.

1 FATHER, thy feeble children meet,
And make thy faithful mercies known;
Give us through faith the fleſh to eat,
And drink the blood of Chriſt thy Son;
Honour thine own myſterious ways,
Thy ſacramental preſence ſhow,
And all the fulneſs of thy grace,
With Jeſus, on our ſouls beſtow.

2 Father, our ſacrifice receive,
Our ſouls and bodies we preſent,
Our goods, and vows, and praiſes give,
Whate'er thy bounteous love hath lent;
Thou canſt not now our gift deſpiſe,
Caſt on that all atoning Lamb,
Mixt with the bleeding ſacrifice,
And offeréd up through Jeſu's name.

HYMN CLIV.

1 JESU, did they crucify
Thee by higheſt heaven adoréd?
Let us alſo go and die
With our deareſt, dying Lord!

2 Lord,

2 Lord, Thou ſeeſt our willing heart,
Knowéſt its uppermoſt deſire,
With our nature's life to part,
Meekly on thy croſs to expire.

3 Fain we would be all like thee,
Suffer with our Lord beneath;
Grant us full conformity,
Plunge us deep into thy death.

4 Now inflict the mortal pain,
Now exert thy paſſion's power,
Let the man of ſin be ſlain,
Die the fleſh to live no more.

HYMN CLV.

1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celeſtial Hoſt,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praiſe by all to Thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven!

2 Vileſt of the fallen race,
Lo! I anſwer to thy call,
Meaneſt veſſel of thy Grace,
(Grace divinely free for All)
Lo, I come to do thy Will,
All thy counſel to fulfil.

3 If ſo poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions ſanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive:
Claim me for thy ſervice, claim
All I have, and all I am.

4 Take my ſoul and body's powers,
Take my memory, mind, and will,
All my goods, and all my hours,
All I know, and all I feel,
All I think, and ſpeak, and do;
Take my heart—but make it new.

5 Now, O God, thine own I am;
Now I give thee back thine own,
Freedom, friends, and health, and fame,
Conſecrate to thee alone;
Thine I live, thrice happy I,
Happiér ſtill, for thine I die.

6 Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
One in Three and Three in One,
As by the celeſtial Hoſt,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praiſe by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

HYMN CLVI.

1 ALL glory and praiſe
To the Antient of Days,
Who was born and was ſlain to redeem a loſt race.

2 Salvation to God,
Who carried our load,
And purchaſéd our lives with the price of his blood.

3 And ſhall he not have
The lives which he gave
Such an infinite ranſom for ever to ſave.

4 Yes, Lord, we are thine,
And gladly reſign
Our ſouls to be filléd with the fulneſs divine.

5 We yield thee thine own,
We ſerve thee alone,
Thy will upon earth as in heaven be done.

6 How, when it ſhall be
We cannot foreſee;
But Oh! let us live, let us die unto thee!

HYMN CLVII.

1 LET Him to whom we now belong
His ſovéreign right aſſert,
And take up every thankful ſong
And every loving heart.

2 He juſtly claims us for his own
Who bought us with a price;
The Chriſtian lives to Chriſt alone,
To Chriſt alone he dies.

3 Jeſu, thine own at laſt receive,
Fulfil our heart's deſire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cauſe expire.

4 Our ſouls and bodies we reſign,
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours but thine
Through all eternity!

VI. *After the* SACRAMENT.

HYMN CLVIII.

1 ALL praiſe to God above
In whom we have believéd!
The tokens of whoſe dying love
We have evén now receivéd.

Have with his fleſh been fed,
And drank his precious blood:
His precious blood is drink indeed,
His fleſh immortal food.

2 O what a taſte is this
Which now in Chriſt we know,
An earneſt of our glorious bliſs,
Our heaven begun below!

When he the table ſpreads,
How royal is the cheer!
With rapture we lift up our heads,
And own that God is here.

3 He bids us taſte his grace,
The joys of angels prove,
The ſtammérers tongues are looſéd to praiſe
Our dear Redeemer's love.

Salvation to our God,
That ſits upon the throne;
Salvation be alike beſtowéd,
On his triumphant Son!

4 The Lamb for ſinners ſlain,
Who died to die no more,
Let all the ranſoméd ſons of men
With all his hoſts adore:

Let earth and heaven be joinéd,
His glories to diſplay,
And hymn the Saviour of mankind
In one eternal day.

HYMN CLIX.

1 ALL glory and praiſe To Jeſus our Lord!
His ranſoming grace We gladly record,
His bloody oblation And death on the tree,
Hath purchaſéd ſalvation In heaven for me.

2 The Saviour hath died For *me* and for *you*,
The blood is applied, The record is true;
The ſpirit bears witneſs, And ſpeaks in the blood,
And gives us the fitneſs For living with God.

HYMN CLX.

1 WELCOME delicious, ſacred cheer,
Welcome my God, my Saviour dear!
O with me, in me, live and dwell:
Thine, earthly joy ſurpaſſes quite;
The depths of thy ſupreme delight
Not angel-tongues can fully tell.

2 What ſtreams of ſweetneſs from the bowl
Surpriſe and deluge all my ſoul:
Sweetneſs which is and makes divine;
Surely from God's right hand they flow,
From thence derivéd to earth below,
To chear us with immortal wine.

3 Soon as I taſte the heavénly bread,
What manna o'er my ſoul is ſhed,
Manna that angels never knew!
Victorious ſweetneſs fills my heart,
Such as my God delights to' impart,
Mighty to ſave and ſin ſubdue.

4 I had forgot my heavénly birth,
My ſoul degenérate clave to earth,
In ſenſe and ſin's baſe pleaſures drownéd,
When God aſſuméd humanity,
And ſpilt his ſacred blood for me,
To waſh and lift me from the ground.

5 Soon as his love has raiſéd me up,
He mingles bleſſings in a cup,
And ſweetly meets my raviſhéd taſte;
Joyous I now throw off my load,
I caſt my ſins and care on God,
And wine becomes a wing at laſt.

6 Upborne on this, I mount, I fly;
Regaining ſwift my native ſky,
I wipe my ſtreaming eyes and ſee
Him whom I ſeek, for whom I ſue,
My God, my Saviour, there I view,
And live with him who diéd for me.

HYMN CLXI.

"*Therefore with Angels and Archangels,*" &c.

1 LORD, and God of heavénly powers,
Theirs—yet oh! benignly ours;
Glorious King, let earth proclaim,
Worms attempt to chaunt thy name.

2 Thee

2 Thee to laud in ſongs divine,
Angels and Archangels join;
We with them our voices raiſe,
Echoing thy eternal praiſe.

3 Holy, holy, holy, Lord,
Live, by heaven and earth adoréd!
Full of thee, they ever cry,
Glory be to God moſt high!

HYMN CLXII.

1 HOSANNAH in the higheſt
To our exalted Saviour,
Who left behind
For all mankind
Theſe tokens of his favour:

His bleeding love and mercy,
His all-redeeming paſſion,
Who here diſplays
And gives the grace,
Which brings us our ſalvation.

2 Louder than gatheréd waters,
Or burſting peals of thunder,
We lift our voice,
And ſpeak our joys,
And ſhout our loving wonder!

Shout all our elder brethren,
While we record the ſtory
Of him that came
And ſuffereéd ſhame,
To carry us to glory.

3 Angels in fixt amazement
Around our altars hover,
With eager gaze
Adore the grace
Of our eternal Lover:

Himſelf

Himſelf and all his fulneſs
Who gives to the believer:
And by this bread
Whoe'er are fed,
Shall live with God for ever!

HYMN CLXIII.

Glory be to God on high, and on Earth Peace, &c.

1 GLORY be to God on high,
God, whoſe glory fills the ſky;
Peace on earth to man forgiven,
Man the well-beloved of heaven!

2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King,
Thee we now preſume to ſing,
Glad thine attributes confeſs,
Glorious all and numberleſs.

3 Hail by all thy works adored,
Hail the everlaſting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love.

4 Chriſt our Lord and God we own,
Chriſt the Father's only Son:
Lamb of God for ſinners ſlain,
Saviour of offending man.

5 Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement thou:
Jeſu, in thy name we pray,
Take, O take our ſins away.

6 Powerful advocate with God,
Juſtify us by thy blood!
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Hear, the world's atonement, Thou!

7 Hear, for thou, O Chriſt, alone,
With thy glorious Sire art one,
One the Holy Ghoſt with thee,
One ſupreme, eternal Three!

HYMN CLXIV.

1 SONS of God, triumphant riſe,
Shout thé accompliſhéd ſacrifice,
Shout your ſins in Chriſt forgivén,
Sons of God, and heirs of heavén!

2 Ye that round our altars throng,
Liſténing angels, join the ſong:
Sing with us, ye heavénly powérs,
Pardon, grace, and glory ours!

3 Love's myſterious work is done;
Greet we now thé atoning Son,
Healéd and quickenéd by his blood,
Joinéd to Chriſt, and one with God.

4 Chriſt, of all our hopes the ſeal,
Peace divine in Chriſt we feel,
Pardon to our ſouls appliéd,
Dead for all, for *me* he died.

5 Sin ſhall tyrannize no more,
Purgéd its guilt, diſſolvéd its power:
Jeſus makes our hearts his throne,
There he lives and reigns alone.

6 Grace our every thought controuls,
Heaven is openéd in our ſouls,
Everlaſting life is won,
Glory is on earth begun.

7 Chriſt in us;—in Him we ſee
Fulneſs of the Deity:
Beam of the eternal Beam;
Life divine we taſte in Him.

8 Him by faith we taſte below,
Mightier joys ordainéd to know,
When his utmoſt grace we prove,
Riſe to heaven by perfect love.

HYMN CLXV.

1 HOW happy are thy ſervants, Lord,
Who thus remember thee!
What tongue can tell our ſweet accord,
Our perfect harmony!

2 Who thy myſterious ſupper ſhare,
Here at thy table fed,
Many, and yet but one we are,
One undivided bread.

3 One with the living bread divine,
Which now by faith we eat,
Our hearts, and minds, and ſpirits join,
And all in Jeſus meet.

4 So dear the tie where ſouls agree
In Jeſu's dying love;
Then only can it cloſer be,
When all are joinéd above.

HYMN CLXVI.

1 HAPPY the ſaints of former days
Who firſt continuéd in the word,
A ſimple, lowly, loving race,
True followérs of their lamb-like Lord.

2 In holy fellowſhip they livéd,
Nor would from the commandment move,
But every joyful day receivéd
The tokens of expiring love.

3 Not then above their Maſter wiſe,
They ſimple in his paths remainéd,
And calléd to mind his ſacrifice
With ſtedfaſt faith and love unfeignéd.

4 From houſe to houſe they broke the bread
Impregnated with life divine,
And drank the Spirit of their Head
Tranſmitted in the ſacred wine.

5 With Jeſu's conſtant preſence bleſt,
While duteous to his dying word,
They kept the euchariſtic feaſt,
And ſuppéd in *Eden* with their Lord.

6 Throughout their ſpotleſs lives was ſeen
The virtue of this heavénly food,
Superior to the ſons of men
They ſoaréd aloft, and walkéd with God.

7 O what a flame of ſacred love
Was kindléd by the altar's fire!
They livéd on earth like thoſe above,
Glad rivals of the heavénly choir.

8 Strong in the ſtrength herewith receivéd,
And mindful of the Crucifiéd;
His confeſſors, for Him they livéd—
For him his faithful martyrs diéd.

9 Their ſouls from chains of fleſh releaſéd,
By torture from their bodies drivén,
With violent faith the kingdom ſeizéd,
And fought and forcéd their way to heavén.

10 Where is the pure primeval flame,
Which in their faithful boſom gloweđ?
Where are the followers of the Lamb,
The dying witneſſes for God?

11 Why is the faithful ſeed decreaſéd,
The life of God extinct and dead?
The daily ſacrifice is ceaſéd,
And charity to heaven is fled.

12 Sad, mutual cauſes of decay
Slackneſs and vice together move,
Grown cold, we caſt the means away,
And quenchéd the lateſt ſpark of love.

13 The ſacred ſigns thou didſt ordain,
Our pleaſant Things are all laid waſte;
To men of lips and hearts profane,
To dogs, and ſwine, and heathen caſt.

14 Thine holy ordinance contemnéd
Hath let the flood of evil in,
And thoſe who by thy name are naméd,
The ſinners unbaptizéd out-ſin.

15 But canſt thou not thy work revive
Once more in our degenérate years?
O wouldſt thou with thy rebels ſtrive,
And melt them into gracious tears!

16 O wouldſt

16 O wouldſt thou to thy church return!
For which the faithful remnant ſighs,
For which the drooping nations mourn,
Reſtore the daily ſacrifice.

17 Return, and with thy ſervants ſit,
Lord of the ſacramental feaſt,
And ſatiate us with heavénly meat,
And make the *world* thy happy gueſt.

18 Now let the Spouſe, reclinéd on thee,
Come up out of the wilderneſs,
From every ſpot and wrinkle free,
And waſhéd and perfected in grace.

19 Thou hearéſt the pleading Spirit's groan,
Thou knowéſt the groaning Spirit's will:
Come in thy gracious kingdom down
And all thy ranſoméd ſervants ſeal.

20 Come quickly, Lord, the Spirit cries,
The number of thy ſaints complete,
Come quickly, Lord, the Bride replies,
And make us all for glory meet.

21 Erect thy tabernacle here,
The *new Jeruſalem* ſend down,
Thyſelf amidſt thy ſaints appear,
And ſeat us on thy daz'ling throne.

22 Begin the great millenial day,
Now, Saviour, with a ſhout deſcend,
Thy ſtandard in the heavens diſplay,
And bring the joy which ne'er ſhall end!

F I N I S.

6 JU61

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Referring to the First Line of every Hymn.

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